THE COMING OF THE PEOPLES

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

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THE COMING OF THE PEOPLES

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

By FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Round the World with the Boy Journalists

PLOTTING IN PIRATE SEAS
HUNTING HIDDEN TREASURE IN THE ANDES
HEROES OF THE RUINS

Romance-History of America

IN THE DAYS BEFORE COLUMBUS
THE QUEST OF THE WESTERN WORLD
THE COMING OF THE PEOPLES

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

THIRST FOR EXPLORATION HAD SEIZED UPON THE OLD WORLD

As early as 1578, Gilbert started with a fleet of seven ships "to discover and plant Christian inhabitants, in places convenient, upon those large and ample countries extended northward from the Cape of Florida . . . not in the actual possession of any Christian prince."

THE COMING OF THE PEOPLES

BY

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

Author of "Heroes of the Ruins," "In the Days Before Columbus," "Plotting in Pirate Seas," "Hunting Hidden Treasure in the Andes," "The Boy with the U. S. Census," "The Aztec Hunters," etc.

With a Frontispiece by
C. A. FEDERER
and Many Illustrations and Maps

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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THE COMING OF THE PEOPLES. I
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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191
R75

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THE COMING OF THE PEOPLES

THE COMING OF THE PEOPLES

CHAPTER I

PERILOUS BEGINNINGS

The Spaniards exploited America for gold, the French established trading-posts for furs, the English built homes. The gold was spent, the furs were worn, the homes remained.

The United States to-day is English in its language, most of its law and many of its customs. The Englishmen who came to the New World stayed and became Americans, the Spaniards and the French who came had ever their hearts in their home-lands and looked on America as an abiding-place, only.

The English were the first true colonists. To this there was but the one exception—the Spanish colony at St. Augustine, Florida.

Cabot brought the English flag to American shores, but it was as an explorer. Drake brought the flag, likewise, but it was as a privateer. It was Raleigh and other courtiers in the train of Queen Elizabeth who caused the flag of England

to fly over the first English colony in the New World.

Those high-hearted men of that age of glory sounded the first blast of that great trumpet-peal which has rung for three centuries from the shores of America. Valor, courtesy, independence and loyalty were the four great requirements for a courtier of Elizabeth. The region settled under the reign of the Virgin Queen—and hence known as Virginia—saw the establishment in America of these four great virtues. To this day, Virginia and the neighboring states possess a character of their own.

Although the name of Sir Walter Raleigh is always remembered in connction with the early settlement of Virginia, he was not the first to make a colonizing effort on behalf of the English. That great fame belongs to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the half-brother of Raleigh.

As early as 1578, Gilbert started with a fleet of seven ships "to discover and plant Christian inhabitants, in place convenient, upon those large and ample countries extended northward from the cape of Florida . . . not in the actual possession of any Christian prince."

Though the expedition was under the command of Gilbert, Sir Walter Raleigh—then but a young man and not yet knighted—was in command of the *Falcon,* one of the smaller ships.

The charter which was given to Gilbert by Queen Elizabeth, bestowed on him the right to

explore unknown coasts and take possession of them in the name of England. The colonists were given the same rights as Englishmen, so long as they should not disobey the laws, attack the Christian faith or withdraw from their allegiance to Elizabeth.

Doom brooded over Gilbert. The expedition met disaster at the very outset. Not one of the vessels ever reached the shores of America. Raleigh, eager for the smiles of the Virgin Queen and unwilling to return empty-handed, went off hunting treasure on his own account.

Yet Gilbert was far from losing heart. On June 11, 1583, he set forth with five ships and 260 men. There were two fair-sized vessels, the *Delight* and the *Raleigh,* two smaller ones, the *Golden Hind* and the *Swallow,* and a tiny frigate, the *Squirrel.* Although one of the ships was called by Raleigh's name, he did not sail with the expedition.

Two days after the start, the *Raleigh* deserted the fleet and put back to Plymouth.

The Western Ocean frowned upon the venture. The fleet encountered head winds and constant fogs. The vessels became separated, and, before they were halfway across the Atlantic, not one of the ships had any of her consorts in sight.

The *Golden Hind* ran into the midst of huge icebergs, which her captain compared to "mountains of ice driven upon the sea," a sight rare and terrible to seamen in those days. Three days

later, her captain sighted "an uncomfortable coast, nothing but hideous rocks and mountains, bare of trees and void of any green herb, whereon so great a haze and fog did hang, as neither might we well discern the land, nor take the sun's height."

This desolate spot was undoubtedly the eastern shore of Newfoundland. Even in the rare days of sunshine which sometimes happen there in summer time, this coast is bleak and dreary.

A few days later, the *Golden Hind* encountered the *Swallow*. The crew of that vessel had been adventuring in reckless fashion. Finding the provisions running short, they had turned pirates, and had plundered two French craft. Explorers were none too particular in those days.

The two ships sailed southward to the harbor of St. John's, the point previously agreed upon for meeting. There they found their flagship, the *Delight,* which had been joined by the *Squirrel* the day before.

Their troubles were only beginning. At St. John's, they met with unexpected opposition. The fishermen and traders refused to allow the fleet to enter the harbor.

The Newfoundland Banks, perhaps the greatest fishing grounds in the world, had first been discovered by French fishers. The Portuguese followed and the English craft came last. In consequence, these shoals in the open sea were re-

garded as common to all. The shores adjacent were treated as an international zone.

Nor was this the only tangle about the Newfoundland Banks. Both Spain and Portugal claimed Newfoundland under the verdict of the Pope, both France and England claimed the same territory under the rights of discovery.

The English fishers had bullied the others into a sort of discontented admission of their authority. The "admirals" of the fishing fleets were generally Englishmen. When Gilbert's four ships arrived, there were thirty-six fishing and trading vessels in the harbor, each captain jealous of any intrusion on what he deemed his right. They were a pugnacious breed and quite prepared to give fight.

Gilbert was equally ready for battle, if necessary. Secure in his authority and with four vessels at his back, he sent word to each of the fishing "admirals" that he had a commission from Queen Elizabeth, and that he would enter the harbor, whether they would, or no. The name of the Queen and the guns of Gilbert's fleet were potent, and he sailed in, unmolested.

The captains and the settlers had their rights, and the holder of the first colonization charter did not ignore them. He went ashore and took formal possession of St. John's "and 200 leagues every way" in the name of the Queen. Yet Gilbert did not forget to look after his own interests. He declared himself Governor and announced that his

title should descend to his heirs in perpetuity. He gave all land-holders due and proper deeds to their lands, but he made them pay him rent. Thus Newfoundland passed from an international zone to become an English colony, of which the Gilbert family were to be the lords forever.

Yet there was mischief abroad. Some of the sailors of the fleet deserted, to join the fishing craft; others were tempted by the pay offered by traders; several hid in the woods with the intention of becoming settlers after Gilbert should have gone. The mining expert of the expedition roused the hopes of others by a report that he had found signs of silver. Accordingly, when Gilbert was ready to set sail for more southern shores, there were not sailors enough to man all the vessels and the *Swallow* was left behind.

Since exploration was now his chief aim, Gilbert removed his flag from the *Delight* to the tiny *Squirrel,* which could run into narrow creeks and shallow bays which would be dangerous for larger craft. A tragic error in seamanship was made in removing the heavy guns from the *Swallow* to the *Squirrel,* thus overloading the decks of the tiny frigate.

They set sail two weeks later, but soon met head winds, dangerous cross-currents and heavy fog. Driving southward in heavy weather, suddenly, through the driving rain, the master of the *Golden Hind* saw breakers ahead.

He signaled instantly to the *Delight,* which was

ahead, and therefore nearer to the breakers. But the officers on board the larger craft must have been keeping poor watch, for the signals were not noticed for several minutes. When they were seen, the vessel veered. It was too late! She struck the shoal and was almost instantly battered to pieces.

Amid the hoarse shouting of the officers and the shrieking of cordage, the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel* came up into the wind. With the surf creaming over the shoal just a cable's length from them, they fought their way out to sea. The peril was imminent. The lead showed only three fathoms (eighteen feet) of water, and "the seas were going mightily and high."

Despite the gale and the treacherous shoals, a gallant search was made for the survivors of the *Delight*. None were found.

Fourteen men of the crew, indeed, had leapt into a small boat, without food or water, and, after six days of tossing on a heavy sea, were cast upon a Newfoundland beach with two of their number dead. Evil fortune persisted, however, for the survivors were at once made prisoners by the French.

The wreck was a terrible loss to the expedition, for the *Delight* had been the largest ship. She had carried the bulk of the provisions and one hundred men. Menaced by scant supplies of food, further exploration became impossible. Two days after the wreck of the *Delight,* Gilbert was

forced to head for England. A strange thing happened!

At the very instant that the vessels turned their prows to the eastward, the crews saw "a very lion, to our seeming, in shape, hair and color, not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body in sight. . . . Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes. And, to bid us farewell, he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doeth a lion."

This was the first time that any English sailors had seen a sea-lion, and many of them were frightened. They declared it to be an evil omen. Gilbert, to give his men courage, declared that it was a sign of good.

That very night, however, a single "corpse-candle" was seen shining on the mast of the *Squirrel,* a sign which sailor superstition declares to be a sure prognostication of coming harm.

The captain of the *Golden Hind* begged Gilbert to come on board the larger vessel, as the *Squirrel* was in constant danger of being swamped by the heavy seas. But the gallant leader answered:

"I will not forsake my little company, going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils."

Tempest followed upon tempest. Half-a-dozen times the cry rose on board the *Golden Hind* that

the *Squirrel* was gone. Yet, an instant later, the cockle-shell of a craft would be seen rising on the crest of a wave, to be hidden a second afterwards in the trough.

North of the Azores, on September 9, the captain of the *Golden Hind* became convinced that the tiny frigate could not stay afloat much longer. At great personal risk, he ran his ship close enough to the *Squirrel* for his voice to be heard. Across the roar of the wind and the crashing of the waves, he bellowed his pleadings to Gilbert that he should transfer to the larger craft.

But the commander shouted cheerily:

"We are as near to Heaven by the sea as by land!"

They were his last recorded words. A few hours later, the watch on the forecastle of the *Golden Hind* saw the lights of the *Squirrel* disappear. "And, in that moment," wrote Captain Hayes, "the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea."

So perished that valorous gentleman, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the first to try the planting of an English colony upon American shores.

Sir Walter Raleigh, Gilbert's half-brother, took up the adventure. Being high in the favor of Queen Elizabeth, the young courtier had no difficulty in securing Gilbert's charter for himself. Adrian Gilbert, Sir Humphrey's heir, was associated with Raleigh, and Richard Hakluyt was a friend of both.

Although Hakluyt was not a traveler, but a writer, his influence on American exploration was very great. He was a lawyer and a clergyman, with a passion for geography and a quick perception of trade opportunities. His famous book, entitled "Divers Voyages," which was published in 1582, had been the stimulus which caused Gilbert to set out on his fatal expedition of 1583, by which Newfoundland became an English colony. It was Hakluyt, also, who held Raleigh firm to his purpose of colonizing America.

An able geographer, Hakluyt was able to put his finger on the principal cause for Gilbert's failure. The expedition had landed too far to the north. He urged Raleigh to send a small survey party before risking a large amount of money and many lives. In April, 1584, two small ships were sent by Raleigh and Adrian Gilbert to explore the American coast, further to the south. These ships were under the command of Captains Amadas and Barlowe. To them is due the fame of the discovery of Virginia, and the first alliance between England and the North American Indians.

They made the land of America at the south of the long sand-spit which encloses Pamlico Sound and sailed along it for 120 miles. At last they found an opening, which may well have been Okracoke Inlet.

On the shoals outside this inlet, they anchored their ships. A very brief survey showed that the

sand-spit was useless for colonization. They crossed Pamlico Sound in boats, wondering at its shallowness for so wide a stretch of water and being astonished at the number of fish. They reached the mainland on July 13, 1584, and took possession of the country in the Queen's name.

After they had been there three days, some Indians approached. At first they were timid, but, at last, one was venturesome enough to accompany the captains back to the ship, in his canoe. Amadas and Barlowe presented him with clothing and other gifts. In token of gratitude, the Indian went fishing, and, next day, brought back a boat-load of fish. The day following, many more canoes arrived, and among the leaders of the Indians was Granganimeo, brother to Wingina, the head chief of the tribe. Forty braves accompanied him. The captains were friendly and gifts were exchanged.

A curious example of the mistakes which may occur when people know nothing of each other's language occurred at this time. Several of the Indians exclaimed to the strangers,

"Win-gan-dacoa!"

The English captains, who had tried to ask the Indians—by signs—what was the name of this country that they had found, supposed this to be the Indian name of the land. As a matter of fact, the real meaning of the phrase was:

"What fine clothes you wear!"

Finding the redskins so friendly, Amadas and

Barlowe commenced trading, and explored the greater part of Pamlico Sound, north to Roanoke Island and even beyond. So ably did these two captains arrange matters with the Indians that they were able to persuade two of them, Manteo and Wanchese, to accompany them back to England. These two Indians were to have a potent effect on the colonization that was to follow later. After a stay of two months, Amadas and Barlowe set sail and arrived in England without misadventure.

Queen Elizabeth was more than delighted with this report, which added a large and fertile country to her realm. Realizing that the discovery was due to the persistence of Raleigh, she knighted him.

Moreover, charmed with Barlowe's phrase that he had discovered "a virgin land for a virgin queen," she insisted that the new territory should not be called "Wingandacoa," as the Indians were supposed to have named it, but "Virginia," in her honor.

Sir Walter Raleigh thus became "Governor of Virginia." As such, he was fevered with the desire to colonize so promising and fertile a territory, not only for his own sake, but also to please the queen.

There are two sides to colonization. Those who go to a new place must leave the old. Every family that emigrates is so much strength lost to

A MERCHANT OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

It was the merchant adventurers of England, who fitted out the expeditions for trade and exploration to find the hidden wealth of the New Continent, who were the real founders of the settlements of the New World.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

It was Sir Walter Raleigh and other courtiers in the train of Queen Elizabeth who caused the flag of England to fly over the first English Colonies in the New World.

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SEBASTIAN CABOT SETTING OUT FROM ENGLAND TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC

Cabot was one of the first English explorers of the coast line whose discoveries enabled the later expeditions to found settlements and plant colonies. From a painting by Ezra Winter in the Cunard Building, New York City.

JOHN WHITE'S MAP OF VIRGINIA

This map made by John White, Governor of Sir Walter Raleigh's second colony on Roanoke Island, is the first known map of the Virginia coast. The original made in 1585, is now in the British Museum.

the home-land. Yet Elizabeth was willing to let her people go.

The reason was a queer one. It lay in the one word—Sheep!

During the fourteenth century, the wool trade of England had grown enormous. One of the causes of this was the closing of the trade routes to the Orient. English wool rose to a high price.

The lords and owners of vast estates found that they could make more money by raising sheep than by renting their land to tenant farmers.

This caused enormous suffering. A stretch of land large enough to pasture a good-sized flock of sheep would provide employment only for one or two shepherds, whereas, if it were used for growing grain, it would support fifteen or twenty families.

The sheep industry, therefore, threw thousands of farmers out of work, since the lords would no longer rent the land to them. As early as 1516, Sir Thomas More described the situation in the following striking words:

"Your sheep, that were wont to be so meek and tame . . . consume, destroy and devour whole fields, houses and cities. . . . Noblemen and gentlemen, yea, and certain abbots . . . leave no ground for tillage. They enclose all into pastures. They throw down houses, they pluck down towns and leave nothing standing but only the church to be made a sheep-house. . . . Those who for-

merly lived on the land are left starving and homeless. And, where many laborers had existed by field labor, only a single shepherd or herdsman is occupied."

When Vasco da Gama opened the route to the Orient by the Cape of Good Hope, the traffic in silks and cottons was resumed. The demand for wool decreased. England had an overproduction of wool. Prices dropped. During Elizabeth's reign, the finding of foreign markets for the wool had become a difficult problem.

This worked in two ways for the colonization of America. It left farmers and farm laborers ready for emigration and it opened the possibility that a new colony might provide an outlet for English wool.

Hakluyt, whose word had power, in his "Discourse on Western Planting," wrote:

"Now, if Her Majesty take these western discoveries in hand, and plant there, it is like that, in a short time, we shall vente (sell) as great a mass of cloth in those parts as ever we did in the Netherlands, and in time, as much more."

This discourse of Hakluyt's was sent to Raleigh a month before the return of Amadas and Barlowe. It was duly read by the Queen. When the captains returned with their glowing account of "Virginia," the royal virgin was ready to support and to aid Raleigh in his projects. A new hour had struck for America.

CHAPTER II

THE TRAGEDY OF ROANOKE

The planting of Virginia was begun with royal acclaim. It was endorsed by Queen Elizabeth and was partly financed out of the Treasury. This appears in an official letter to Ralph Lane, who was ordered to take charge of the colonists on "the Voyage to Virginia, for Sir Walter Raleigh, at Her Majesty's commandment."

The Lane colonists sailed in April, 1585, under a strong convoy, with Sir Richard Grenville as fleet commander. They entered Pamlico Sound two months later and the friendly Indians at once boarded the ships.

One of the visitors stole a silver cup, and Grenville set fire to the standing corn "to teach the savages a lesson." This foolish action taught the redskins a lesson, but a most unhappy one; it taught them to look on the English as their enemies. Grenville's silver cup was to cost England hundreds of lives.

After some weeks spent in exploring the Sound, Lane and the 107 colonists were set ashore on Roanoke Island. Provisions for eight months were left. Manteo and Wanchese, the two In-

dians who had visited England, remained with Lane as interpreters. Of these two, Manteo remained faithful to his English friends, while Wanchese returned to his own people and became a trouble-maker.

Raleigh had shown great wisdom in choosing Lane as a leader. In spite of Grenville's ill-judged act, the head of the Roanoke colony managed to keep the peace. This was due to the influence of three of the natives: Granganimeo, brother of Chief Wingina (later called Pemisapan); Ensenore, father of Wingina and the head chief of a group of tribes; and Manteo, the interpreter. Unhappily for the colonists, Granganimeo died soon after the landing.

Relying mainly on the friendship of the powerful Chief Ensenore to protect the Roanoke Island base, Lane explored the country in every direction. He concluded that Roanoke was ill-suited for a permanent settlement and urged a speedy removal to Chesapeake Bay. Later events were to prove how fatally right were his fears.

During his absence, the colonists had several sharp skirmishes with Indians of neighboring tribes, but flint-pointed arrows struck harmlessly upon armor, and even the dreaded tomahawk was unavailing on a steel helmet. False reports of Lane's death reached the ears of Chief Wingina or Pemisapan, and Wanchese was actually engaged on the plans for a massacre when Lane returned, safe and sound.

The situation began to grow desperate. The eight months' provisions were exhausted. The end of March arrived, but Grenville and his ships did not. With great diplomacy, Lane used his influence with Chief Ensenore, the aged father of Pemisapan, to conclude a treaty with the Indians. Food was to be provided until the arrival of the relief expedition, when all was to be repaid. Had this treaty been carried out, all would have been well, but Chief Ensenore died, less than a week after it was made.

Ensenore's death left the English without a single voice in their favor in the councils of the Indians. Hostility became open. Pemisapan forbade any of his people to sell food to the colonists. April passed without any sign of Grenville and hunger became acute in the English camp.

Lane reduced his force on Roanoke to the smallest number of men that could hold it and sent the rest of the colonists to the wooded sand-spit on the ocean side of Pamlico Sound, on an island called Hatorask (Hatteras). The island was wider and more fertile in Lane's time than it is now, but it is still famous for its wild grapes, its fish, turtles, crabs and shell-fish. The colonists waited and watched there all the month of May, but the relief ships did not arrive.

Suddenly, on June 1, there appeared off the coast a superb fleet of twenty-three vessels, under the command of Sir Francis Drake.

Shortly after Grenville and Lane had left Eng-

land, the year before, war had been declared with Spain. Drake had promptly set off to harry the West Indies. Before returning to England, well stored with plunder and provisions, it occurred to the famous commander to anchor off Virginia and to find out whether the English colonists on Roanoke Island were in need.

Learning that Grenville had not arrived and that Lane's men were starving, Drake agreed to leave a ship and an ample supply of provisions. But, before this ship could enter the haven, a terrible storm arose and she was blown out to sea.

Drake thereupon offered another vessel, but he was too prudent a seaman to take the responsibility of bringing her through the terribly narrow and tide-ripped inlets into the Sound. She must lie in the open roadstead, near the Diamond Shoals, known as "the graveyard of the sea," or else the colonists must pilot the vessel in themselves.

Lane took counsel with the colonists. Grenville had not come and the war with Spain might prevent any supplies reaching them at all. As for the relief ship, if the great Drake did not dare to navigate the strait, who were they, to try? Their friends Granganimeo and Ensenore were dead. Pemisapan was known to be hostile. Further, every Englishman might be needed in the defense of the home-land. The colonists decided to ask Drake to take them aboard the vessels of his fleet, and sailed for home.

So ended the first colonization of "Virginia."

Lane's judgment was sound, but his fear that Raleigh would not be able to aid them was in error. A supply ship sent at Sir Walter's expense reached Hatorask a few days after the colonists had left on Drake's fleet. The captain of this vessel spent a couple of weeks looking for the settlers. Not finding any white man on Roanoke Island or in the vicinity, he returned to England.

Fifteen days after the homeward departure of Raleigh's supply ship, Grenville appeared at Hatorask with three vessels. Failing to find Raleigh's ship, he sent armed boats to Roanoke Island. The places where the colonists had lived were discovered abandoned and desolate.

Determining, at least, to hold possession for England and knowing nothing of Pemisapan's hostility, Grenville left fifteen of his sturdiest men with instructions to hold the island at all hazards. This settlement was made early in August, 1586. Abundant ammunition was landed, the fort was strengthened and enough provisions were put ashore to last for more than two years.

The year following, a rescue expedition learned the fate of these fifteen men. While four of them were away, gathering oysters, the Indians appeared under the leadership of Pemisapan, and Wanchese falsely offered friendship. Since Lane had left no word of warning and Wanchese spoke in English, the little garrison agreed to a parley.

Two of the leaders went out of the fort to meet

the Indians. The savages treacherously slew one and wounded the other. Simultaneously a war-party set fire to the fort.

Driven into the open, the English fought their way to the shore, losing two more of their number. Only eight men reached the boat. Rowing to the oyster creek, they rescued their comrades and crossed the Sound "to an island to the right of the entrance to the harbor of Hatorask." They were never heard of more.

Thus ended, in blood, the second English settlement of "Virginia."

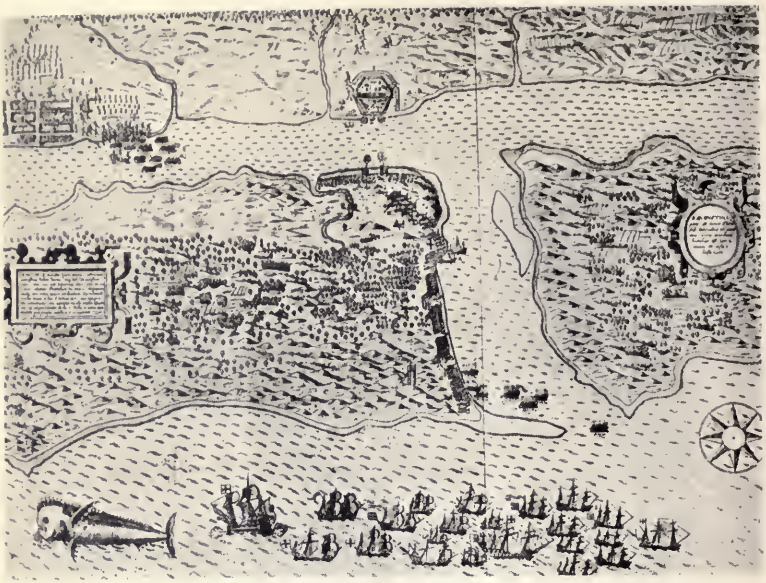
Meanwhile, Drake and Lane had reached England, and Raleigh and Grenville learned why Roanoke had been abandoned. A gallant little band of fifteen Englishmen remained alone on that distant shore. With the Spanish War raging, neither Grenville, Lane nor Raleigh could be spared. In order to support these fifteen marooned men Raleigh granted to "John White and others" certain patents for planting a colony in Virginia. White's title was "Governor of the City of Raleigh in Virginia," and his patent was dated January 7, 1587.

White had been the map-maker of the Lane expedition, and had shown himself to be a natural leader. On several occasions he had been put in charge of exploring parties. Lane chose him for his successor, giving him exact instructions as to the plans to be carried out.

He was to sail as soon as possible with 150 colo-

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

Though Smith's name is chiefly associated with the Virginia colonies he was one of the most important of the early explorers. He thoroughly explored what was then known as North Virginia and gave the name of New England to the territory, but his popular fame, largely through the romantic Pocahontas legend, is more intimately associated with the scene of his earliest exploits, the James River Colony. His work for posterity, however, was not romantic, for his sound common sense, his steadfast endeavor and forceful yet diplomatic handling of current affairs left an enduring example.



THE FLEET OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE LYING OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA

Shortly after the first colonial venture under Lane and Grenville left England, war was declared with Spain. Sir Francis Drake was sent to harry the Spanish Main and the West Indies. On his return to England he decided to visit the Virginia colony and see if all was well. He raided St. Augustine as is here shown in an old map on his way north from the West Indies.

INDIANS COOKING FISH

The English colonists were much amazed at the great variety of fish which they found in the shallow waters of the Sounds along the Virginia coast. The Indians were expert fishermen and made great use of fish for food, showing the colonists how to catch and prepare them for the table. This picture is one of the many drawings by Governor John White of the Second Colony, which are now preserved in the British Museum.

SMITH'S MAP OF VIRGINIA

When this map was made the colony was commonly spoken of as the Paradise of Virginia. The early map makers always gave a pictorial aspect to their maps to make the vision of the country mapped as graphic as possible. In this map there is little suggestion of the low lying flat country along the coast, rather a pleasant suggestion of hills and forests. The Colonists of the several early ventures found the shere regions to be gloomy, pest-ridden, tide-water swamps. They never really reached the wooded and hilly regions away from the coast.

nists—men, women and children—and to settle at Chesapeake Bay, first picking up the fifteen men who had been left by Grenville at Roanoke Island. By that means, the new colony would escape the hostility of Pemisapan, and could make an alliance with the tribes in the new settlement.

During war-time, however, it was easier to order an immediate sailing than it was to accomplish it. Every ship-captain was needed for the defense of the English coast. The *Lion,* a Fly-Boat, and a pinnace were found at last, but Raleigh was compelled—much against his will—to give the command of the little fleet to Fernandino, a renegade Spaniard. The three ships sailed from Plymouth on May 8, 1587.

From the very start, Fernandino's treachery showed itself. On May 16, to quote the words of White, "Fernandino lewdly forsook our Fly-Boat, leaving her distressed in the Bay of Portugal." The *Lion* and the pinnace continued.

They touched at Dominica on June 19 and spent three weeks in the West Indies, supposedly to secure food supplies, young fruit trees and seeds for planting, and cattle for the beginning of herds. Fernandino continuously prevented White from getting these, declaring that he had a friend in Hispaniola who could provide all. But, when the ships arrived off Hispaniola, Fernandino found an excuse for not landing and turned northwards, thus denying to the expedition the supplies which Raleigh had advised them to take.

They reached Hatorask on July 22. Fernandino refused to try and enter the narrow channel with the *Lion*. The pinnace was sent into Pamlico Sound to take the colonists ashore, with secret orders not to bring back any of its passengers, no matter what conditions might be discovered at Roanoke.

They were bad enough! White found no signs of life, nothing but the skeleton of the white man who had been slain by treachery when in a parley with Pemisapan and Wanchese.

Three days later—to the great delight of the colonists and the discomfiture of Fernandino—the Fly-Boat arrived, having made her way across the ocean, alone. White prepared to move to Chesapeake Bay, according to the orders given him by Raleigh and Lane. Then Fernandino openly showed his hatred of the English. He flatly refused to proceed on the voyage and sailed away, leaving the colonists—now reduced to 99 whites and 2 friendly Indians—on ill-fated Roanoke Island.

Shortly after landing, Manteo, who had been true to the English throughout, was baptized a Christian. Then, following instructions contained in sealed orders, which White opened upon landing, the faithful Indian was officially proclaimed as "Lord of Roanoke."

A few days later, on August 18, Eleanor Dare, daughter of Governor White and wife of Assistant Governor Dare, gave birth to a daughter. Be-

cause she was the first white child born in Virginia, the baby was christened "Virginia," the Sunday following.

Virginia Dare was not the first white child born in North America, as is often stated, nor yet the first Christian. That honor belongs to Snorri Thorfinnsson, the son of Gudrid the Fair. Nor was she the first white girl born in North America, for the infant daughter of Marguerite Roberval preceded her. But she was unquestionably the first white girl born in the present territory of the United States.

Since Fernandino had refused to carry out the orders he had received, it was imperative to send word back to England to tell that the colonists were at Roanoke, not at Chesapeake Bay, and to ensure the sending of supplies.

On the urgent desire of every settler, Governor White agreed to go, though he protested bitterly.

White boarded the Fly-Boat on August 27. At the very moment of weighing anchor, a terrible accident occurred. One of the bars of the capstan broke. The sudden jar, added to the weight of the anchor, whirled the capstan round with such force that the other bars spun like gigantic flails, seriously injuring several men of the already scanty crew. A second attempt, with fewer men, was little less disastrous. There were not enough hands, now, to raise the anchor. The Fly-Boat set out to sea with only five uninjured men on board and without an anchor.

Two of the sailors died at sea from their injuries. Three others were not able to leave their bunks during the entire voyage. The Fly-Boat encountered a heavy gale, dead against her, and the short-handed crew could do but little. She was driven back. Provisions and fresh water grew scarce. Scurvy broke out, greatly weakening the remaining men.

After thirty days' tossing, the Fly-Boat reached the west coast of Ireland. There she found herself in a desperate position, for she had no anchor. She entered the small harbor of Dingen and sailed to and fro in the narrow space, signaling frantically for help. A ship sent off a skiff and learned of the Fly-Boat's need. A spare anchor was hastily sent aboard, and the much-mauled vessel rode at last at rest.

But the haven came too late for some. Three men died aboard the Fly-Boat as she lay in harbor; three more were carried ashore, too ill to move. It was November 8 before Governor White arrived at Southampton, having taken passage on a ship from Dingen.

The following spring, all England was ringing with preparations to fight the Spanish Armada. Every ship-yard was busy. Every boat that could float was being patched up. There were no ships to be spared for the relief of the colonists of Roanoke Island. Yet Raleigh's influence was so powerful that he mustered a small fleet and put it in charge of Grenville. It was not allowed to

sail. The Lord High Admiral protested, declaring he needed every ship and every man he could get, whereupon the relief-vessels were seized for the navy.

Raleigh had a determined streak in him, and Governor White did not miss a single day in pleading the cause of the colonists. He spoke bluntly enough to the Queen about it, and Elizabeth, who did not object to plain speaking, promised her aid. Two small vessels were procured and sailed from England on April 22, 1588, under command of White. But the heavy hand of ill-fortune dogged the steps of the Roanoke rescuers. Off Madeira they encountered some Spanish men-o'-war and were so severely handled as to be lucky to return, with their sails full of shot-holes and several of the sailors dead.

It was the last chance that year. The Armada was gathering.

The year 1589 brought no relief to Roanoke. The Armada had been repelled but it was far from being a final victory. England was fighting for her life and she knew it. Elizabeth had no ships to spare for a handful of colonists. They must take their chance.

Raleigh would not give up. White haunted the door of every man who might possibly give help. In desperation another patent was given out, this time to a company of London merchants, among them Thomas Smythe. Hakluyt was a member of the company. Money did not succeed, either.

The ships were not to be had. Winter came again, with no relief for Roanoke.

Early in the spring of 1590, Raleigh renewed his exertions. Three vessels, the *Hopewell,* the *John Evangelist* and the *Little John,* belonging to a London merchant, were about to start to the West Indies on a privateering venture. Raleigh secured the Queen's consent to compel these ships to take colonists and supplies to Virginia, and sent a courier to White with the message.

The order was given too late. It arrived in Plymouth only the day before sailing. As it would take some time to gather the colonists, the owner and captains refused to honor White's order. They said, curtly, that they would take him and his sea-chest aboard and nothing more.

There were no telegraphs in those days. There was no time for White to communicate with Raleigh, who was in London, no means to reach the Queen. If he wished to see Virginia again, this seemed his only chance. Desperate and heartsick, he boarded one of the ships, and sailed away.

The captains, however, had their orders. Privateering was the work they were paid to do, and, besides, each of them had a share in the venture. The Roanoke question might wait till afterwards. As White wrote, in agony of spirit: "The captains regarded very little the good of their countrymen in Virginia . . . and wholly disposed themselves to seek after purchase and spoils,

spending so much time thereon, that summer was spent before we arrived at Virginia."

It was not until five months later, on August 15, that they dropped anchor off Hatorask. Next day they launched two small boats to enter the inlet, but the sea was rough and the tide running high. The inlets of Pamlico Sound are dangerous always, but death-traps in heavy weather. One boat got through, but the other boat was swamped, the captain and six men being drowned.

The remaining boat sailed up to Roanoke.

No sign of the colony remained but some heavy cannon, a few bars of iron and pigs of lead, all overgrown with grass and weeds. There were no traces of life. Yet, on one of the largest trees near the site of the fort, the bark had been removed and the word "Croatoan" had been carved in the wood. Since the word was unaccompanied by a cross, which had been agreed upon as the sign of distress, White was joyfully confident of finding the colonists safe and sound on Croatoan, now Okracoke Island.

The boat returned to the ship, almost being swamped as it passed through the inlet. The night was wild and stormy. The ships dragged their anchors and were in utmost peril. Despite the foul weather, however, the captain of the *Hopewell* agreed to do the utmost that seamanship could devise to get to Croatoan.

But the Hatteras coast is a raging terror in a rough sea. In weighing anchor, the cable of the

Hopewell broke, causing the loss of the anchor. The ship was hurled in toward the shore. Another anchor was dropped, to save instant wreck. It dragged, at once. There were but seconds, not even minutes, to spare. The cable was slipped, losing a second anchor, some sail being spread simultaneously. Extraordinary seamanship and good luck brought the craft into a channel almost at the very jaws of the surf and she beat out to sea with but a few fathoms to spare.

With but one anchor remaining, scant provisions and less water, the *Hopewell* could not risk the danger of trying to beat back to Croatoan. It was decided to run to the West Indies for supplies and for the needed anchors, before making another try for rescue.

It was not to be. The following night a heavy gale from the west arose. The battered *Hopewell* tried to hold her southward course, in vain. There was nothing to do but to run before the gale with shortened canvas. She was more than halfway to England before the violence of the storm abated, and, by that time, was almost out of food and water, was leaking badly and it was all her captain could do to reach an English harbor.

White reached England on October 24, after more than seven months at sea. He had been within a few miles of rescue, but had returned in failure. Never did the colonists at Croatoan know how near help had been. Never did Gov-

ernor White see again the settlers of Roanoke Island, never did he hear a word as to the fate of his infant granddaughter, Virginia Dare.

Many years after, when an English settlement had been established at Jamestown, it was indirectly learned from the Indians that there had been fighting at Roanoke. Many of the colonists had been slain, but some had escaped to Croatoan, where was the tribe to which Manteo belonged, and there had lived in peace and friendship with the Indians. But for the storm that struck the *Hopewell,* Governor White could have rescued them.

There are many traditions as to the fate of Virginia Dare, but they are little more than conjectures. In one story, she became the wife of a colonist, in another she wedded an Indian chief, in a third, she died in infancy. There are still living, in the Carolinas, families who claim an indirect descent, but no proof is forthcoming.

Whether the Croatoan settlers were massacred, later, or whether they intermarried with the Indians and were absorbed is absolutely unknown. One thing only is sure, that, as an English planting, the Roanoke Colony disappeared completely.

Thus, in mystery and silence, ended the third settlement of Virginia.

Several quests were made for White's lost colony, especially those of Mace in 1602 and Bartholomew Gilbert in 1603, but all in vain. The tragedy of Roanoke still holds its secret, and the

sad page of the ending of that gallant effort is further saddened by the unknown fate of the first white girl born in United States territory—Virginia Dare.

CHAPTER III

JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS

Less than twenty years elapsed between the extinction of the Roanoke Colony and the establishment of the James Colony, yet these twenty years marked the passage from one Age into another. The Roanoke Colony died at the end of the Tudor dynasty, which had been medieval; the James Colony was born at the beginning of the Stuart dynasty, which led forward to modern times. The reign of Elizabeth was the bridge between.

Two principal causes brought about this change, in so far as they affected America. The first was the downfall of Spanish sea-power, the second was the death of Queen Elizabeth.

Spanish sea-power fell because the English had been the first to modernize their ships. They cut off the high fore-castles and poop-castles, double-decked the waists, and heavily ballasted their smaller vessels. This enabled them to carry a larger sail area and to sail closer to the wind.

An English craft, thus modernized, could at any time work to windward of a Spanish vessel. This gave it the supreme advantage of the weather gauge, more than doubling its fighting efficiency.

It could outsail a Spanish galleon almost two to one, and hence could hit and run away when facing odds; the Spanish had to remain passive and be shot at. Further, while the Dons had the advantage of heavier guns, the English guns were more easily handled, and, in wooden ships, it was the number of shots that told rather than the weight of metal.

Yet the power of Spain upon the seas was not decided in one battle. The "Invincible" Armada was not defeated. It was repulsed. It was primarily a transport fleet of 132 vessels, carrying 21,261 soldiers and 8066 sailors. Its main purpose was to join forces with a huge Spanish army waiting in Holland, and to land an invading host on England's shores. Naval action was to be merely incidental.

The English fleet consisted of 189 vessels, mostly small, with a total fighting strength of 1700 men. It did not carry any soldiers, in the strict sense of the word. Its purpose was not to annihilate the Armada, but to prevent Spanish troops from landing. It was a defensive force, only. Naval action was its only aim.

As such, the English navy scored a complete success. The Spanish did not land. Moreover, the tiny craft, by skillful seamanship, greater speed and ease of handling and superior gunnery. peppered the cumbrous vessels of their foes so thoroughly as to minimize the fear of a second attempt at invasion.

Yet when the Armada sailed up the English Channel in July 1588, and even on that night at Gravelines when English fire-ships sent a panic into the Spanish fleet, the power of Spain received no more than a check. Though a storm wrecked nineteen galleons on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, the loss of men was but small when compared with the hosts which Spain could summon. The safe arrival of a single treasure-fleet from Mexico or Peru would repay for all the lost vessels.

Elizabeth and her great sea-captains were well aware of this. Spain was rebuffed, not defeated. The danger remained. Hence neither ships, men nor supplies could be spared for Roanoke and no relief expedition was sent for ten years.

Much more damaging to Spain was the loss she suffered through English privateers. Her treasure-fleets, her merchant vessels and her colonial settlements were continually harassed by such terrors of the sea as Hawkins, Drake and Christopher Newport. Swarms of death-dealing maritime hornets poured out from every English port. In the ten years following the onset of the Armada, privateers had seized or sunk more than eight hundred Spanish vessels of the larger sort. By this means, the menace of Spain on the North Atlantic Ocean was removed, and the way to America was opened.

The death of Queen Elizabeth was little less important. It allowed the English people to press

a score of democratic measures, which had been long desired. This willingness to wait was partly because the people loved their aged—though autocratic—monarch, but it was even more because they knew she was not immortal.

Had Elizabeth been followed on the throne by a masterful king of Tudor stock, trouble might have come, for the English people were absolutely set on change. But James I, the first of the Stuarts, had neither the personal character nor the royal prestige to check the reforms which followed his accession.

Great changes had taken place in England since mid-Elizabethan times. Spanish gold had poured into the country, through the hands of the privateers. Commerce was becoming important. Speculation ran high. These changes caused the establishment of the James Colony on an utterly different basis from that of the Colony of Roanoke.

The Elizabethan period was an age of high adventure, that of James I was an age of trade. Elizabeth was willing to make war, if necessary; James I was for peace at any price. While the Tudor Queen upheld the feudal principle, she insisted that her lords should care for the poor on their estates; the Stuart King favored the rich merchants, and cared not a whit that the poor grew poorer.

Colonists under Elizabeth sought to extend the power of a beloved home-land; under the Stuarts,

they sought to escape from it. Roanoke was a court adventure; James River was a commercial venture. The Raleigh Charter was a queen's gift to a personal favorite; the Charter of 1606 was a colonization plan put into the hands of trading companies.

One of the first-fruits of the death of Queen Elizabeth was the making of peace with Spain. This unlocked the coffers of Capital, always held tightly in a time of war. The ships which had been built by scores, even by hundreds, for defense and privateering, now were available for trading ventures. Money was plentiful. England took a share in the rich trade to the East Indies. Small merchants became great bankers and were ever on the watch for new investments.

Not only was there the money, there were the men, too. A whole generation of rovers, nobles and commoners, bred to sea-adventure, now looked for a new outlet for their energies. They found it in such enterprises as the East India Company, the Muscovy Company, and the Two Companies of Virginia.

Raleigh was no longer a factor. He had been imprisoned by James I for his ascribed opposition to the accession of the Stuart King, and, after the accession, for his attack on the King's policy of a peace with Spain. His imprisonment canceled the astounding charter in which Queen Elizabeth had granted to one man the possession of the en-

tire American shore, from Florida to Newfoundland.

The once great courtier was found guilty of treason and condemned to death in 1603, but the execution was delayed and he remained a prisoned in the Tower of London until 1616. Released on his declaration that he knew where to find a gold mine in Guiana, Raleigh set sail for the Orinoco in 1617. The treasure-hunt was a disastrous failure, the captain of the fleet—a personal friend of James I was driven into suicide. The expedition broke up in mutiny. On the return of the gold-seekers Raleigh was promptly rearrested and was executed in 1618 under the sentence of death given fifteen years before.

The canceling of Raleigh's Charter canceled also all the grants given under it. The gift had come from the Crown and it returned to the Crown. . All the American coast, from Florida northwards, was in the hands of the King to bestow as he pleased.

Though James I made many astounding blunders, ever and anon there shone gleams of an astute policy. His plans for colonization were far more prudent and wise than those of Elizabeth. He was judicious enough to adopt the ideas developed by Dutch and English merchants in the formation of the East India Company in 1600. Moreover, while under the thumb of Spain in some matters, he calmly defied Philip III when that monarch tried to interfere in the Virginia enterprise.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

The first three attempts to found colonies in Virginia all ended in disaster and though nearly twenty years elapsed before the founding of the first successful colony on James River, those twenty years marked the transition from one age of European history, the medieval, to the dawn of the modern; a period represented by the reign of Elizabeth and closed by her dramatic death.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH A PRISONER IN THE TOWER

Raleigh, who had so much to do with the first colonizing expeditions to Virginia during the life of Queen Elizabeth, was imprisoned after her death, for political reasons, and did not share in the later and successful colonial ventures.

As this defiance determined whether North America should be settled by the English or the Spaniards, the facts in the case are important.

The Treaty of London, bringing peace between England and Spain, was signed in 1605. During discussion of its terms, the Spanish envoys insisted that the treaty should contain a clause forbidding Englishmen to go to "the Indies." Such a vague geographical term might mean anything. The English envoys refused, unless a qualifying clause should also be inserted giving England the right to settle the unoccupied portions of the New World. Neither side would yield, and the Treaty was ratified without any reference whatever to the disputed question.

Meanwhile, three important exploring voyages had been made to America. These were the voyages of Gosnold and Bartholomew Gilbert (son of Sir Humphrey) to Maine, in 1602; that of Pring to Maine and Massachusetts, in 1603; and that of Waymouth to Maine, in 1605. This part of America was then known as "North Virginia." All these captains brought encouraging reports, renewing English interest in American colonization.

Since the Treaty of London contained no clause forbidding English settlement in Virginia, two groups of merchants began to form colonization projects. One group had its center in London; the other, in Plymouth. The London group, with Hakluyt as a leading spirit, was interested in

"Virginia"; the Plymouth group, with Sir John Popham as its chief, laid its plans to settle "North Virginia."

In the spring of 1606, Spain took alarm. The Spanish Ambassador went to Sir John Popham and made a vigorous protest, declaring that these preparations were a tacit violation of the Treaty of London. Popham gave an evasive answer, which bordered closely upon falsehood.

A month later, despite Popham's denial, James I granted the First Virginia Charter, under date of April 10, 1606. The King boldly ignored all Spanish claims. He conveyed to the London Company all the shore between 34° and 38° (approximately from Cape Hatteras to the present Maryland-Delaware border), and to the Plymouth Company, all the shore from 41° to 45° (approximately from the mouth of the Hudson to the present Canadian border). The Delaware and New Jersey section was a sort of No-Man's-Land, granted to both colonies, the privileges being accorded to that Company which should be the first to plant a colony therein.

This Charter continued the liberties granted to colonists by Raleigh's Charter. It gave them the same rights as Englishmen living in England and born in England. This was a root-principle of English colonization and was a cause of its success.

In spite of the declaration of liberty, the colonies were not self-governing. The supreme power

lay in a Royal Council of Virginia, appointed by the King. Each Company was to have a colonial council, self-appointed and self-continuing. Each colony (or plantation) was to have a smaller council of its own. But there was no provision for popular elections and no means whereby the colonists could control their councils. This was a prime cause of discontent.

The land was to be held by an ancient system known as "socage." This meant that each settler was the sole owner of his property, on the condition of a certain amount of work done for the colony. This plan had its good points and its bad ones. Its strength lay in the fact that it provided independence and upheld the rights of private property. Its weakness was that the work demanded was decided by the colonial council, under orders from the Company. This power of enforcing too much communal work wrecked the colony.

Such was the territory, such were the times and such were the conditions under which the first permanent English colony was set up on American shores. How nearly it came to naught, by how narrow a margin it escaped a duplication of the Roanoke tragedy is the story now to be told.

The London Company led the way, and hence "Virginia" was the desired goal. On December 20, 1606, three ships set sail from London, under the command of Captain Christopher Newport. The *Sarah Constant* was the flagship. Her con-

sorts were the *Goodspeed,* under Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, and the *Discovery,* under Captain John Ratcliffe. Among other important men were Edward Maria Wingfield, the first president; George Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland; George Kendall, a cousin of Sir Edwin Sandys; Captain John Smith, rover and gentleman adventurer; and Rev. Robert Hunt, the chaplain. The emigrants numbered 120 men; there were no women nor children in the party. Their destination was Chesapeake Bay, which, thirty years before, Lane had suggested as a suitable site for a colony.

Though Gosnold had sailed by the direct route from England to Cape Cod, in 1602, and had taken but fifty days for the passage, he could not persuade Newport to do so. The fleet commander followed the traditional route by way of the Canary Islands and the West Indies, and hence did not sight Virginia until one hundred and twenty-seven days had elapsed. This four months' voyage consumed most of the provisions which would be needed after the settlers landed.

To add to the troubles of the journey, Wingfield and John Smith became enemies, and Smith, who had a rough tongue, attacked the President of the party in terms which were more striking than polite. He was charged with mutiny and was kept in irons all the way from Dominica to Virginia.

The expedition entered Chesapeake Bay on May

6, 1607, naming Cape Henry and Cape Charles after the then Prince of Wales and his younger brother. Skirting the shore they passed a point which they named Point Comfort and reached Hampton Roads.

On landing, the sealed instructions from the Company were opened. Wingfield was named President of the colonial council, with Gosnold, Smith, Ratcliffe, Martin and Kendall as councilors. Wingfield refused to allow Smith to take the oath of office as councillor but he set him at liberty. It was well that he did so, for Captain John Smith was destined to become the sole savior of the colony.

No more romantic figure than Smith ever stepped on American shores. Born in England in the year 1580, he ran away to the wars when only fifteen years of age. In France and in the Netherlands, though still in his teens, he made his mark as a fighting man. After a long campaign he returned to England, but a quiet life did not suit him. He determined to try his fortune against the Turks.

Riding across France to take ship on the Mediterranean, he was waylaid by highwaymen, robbed and wounded. He managed to walk to Marseilles, where he embarked with a ship-load of Roman Catholic pilgrims on their way to the East. A heavy storm arose, and, the pilgrims ascribing this tempest to the presence of a heretic in their midst, they threw Smith overboard to drown.

Being a powerful swimmer, the young Englishman managed to make his way ashore to a small isle, not far away, inhabited only by goats. He lived on goat's milk and goat's flesh for a few weeks and then was picked up by a passing Breton ship. He helped the crew to attack and capture a richly laden Venetian galley, and because of the extraordinary valor he had shown, received a fat share of the plunder.

Smith went ashore, at the first port the ship touched in Italy, and, with plenty of money in his pocket, traveled northward in leisurely fashion, using his remarkable powers of observation to the uttermost, especially in all such matters as fortification. He was an inveterate reader of military treatises, and made it his business to meet the chief captains of war, wherever he went.

Soon after making his way into Hungary, he was appointed commander of a troop of horse. Not long after, Emperor Rudolph II transferred this troop to the service of Prince Sigismund of Transylvania, and recommended the young cavalry leader to the prince's special attention.

There, at last, Smith found his long-sought opportunity of fighting against the Turks and he distinguished himself remarkably. Though not tall, Smith was thick-set and of astounding physical strength. He showed this at the siege of Regal, which the Transylvanians were attacking with scant success, with so little success, indeed, that the Turks grew sarcastic at the expense of their

enemies and announced that "they were growing too fat for lack of exercise."

One day, a Turkish champion sent a challenge to the Transylvanian army. He suggested that "in order to delight the ladies, who did long to see some court-like pastime, he did defy any captain that had command of a company, who durst combat with him for his head."

The Christian army accepted the challenge. Lots were cast and the lot fell on Smith.

A truce was proclaimed, tournament-lists built, the Turkish ladies lined the walls to see the joust, and the Turkish champion and Smith rode at each over with leveled lances. Smith killed his opponent at the first thrust and cut off the Turk's head.

Humiliated by this defeat, the Turks picked their most famous jouster, and, the next day, they sent a personal challenge to Smith. The challenge was accepted. This time the duel was more even. Both lances were shivered. Each of the duelists drew pistols, but Smith was both the quicker and had the better aim. At the first shot, the Turk fell and Smith cut off his head.

For a couple of weeks there were no further challenges from the Turks. Then Smith, answering taunt for taunt, challenged "any Turk of his rank" to meet him on the same conditions. This gave the Turk the choice of weapons, and battle-axes were named.

Less accustomed to this barbaric weapon, Smith

was at a disadvantage. After a few minutes' exchange of terrific blows, the Englishman's weapon flew out of his hands. With a cry of triumph, the Turk whirled his ax to cut down his foe. Smith, an accomplished horseman, avoided the flashing steel by the merest fraction of distance, and, before the turbaned champion could recover his poise, the Englishman drew his sword and thrust at a vital spot. The Turk fell from his horse, and, an instant after, he was beheaded. For this deed Smith was knighted by Prince Sigismund, and was granted a coat of arms with three Turks' heads.

Good fortune was not always to be on his side. In 1602, at the Battle of Rothenthurm, Smith was taken prisoner by the Turks and was sold into slavery. He was taken to Constantinople, where he was bought by Lady Charatza Tragabigzanda. For a time, he was held so high in the lady's favor that envious tongues wagged. To put an end to gossip, Lady Tragabigzanda sent the English slave to her brother, who was a Pasha in the country of the Cossacks.

There Smith was treated as harshly as any common slave, and he never ceased to watch for an opportunity to escape. One day, the Pasha actually struck him. The desperate Englishman, despite the iron collar around his neck, dealt his master a fatal blow with the flail with which he was threshing wheat, dressed himself in the dead man's clothes, mounted the Pasha's horse and

galloped off to the Scythian desert. He made his way to Russian territory, thence to Poland and back to Hungary. He received a letter of safe conduct from Prince Sigismund, his former commander, and reached Germany and France, on his way home.

But the smell of powder attracted him anew to Spain and Morocco. There Smith served with added distinction, returning to England only a few months before the departure of Newport with the colonists for Virginia.

Such a man was a godsend to the Company, which, at that time, was seeking men accustomed to command and who were sufficiently self-reliant to be able to face new conditions. From Smith's viewpoint, the attraction of a voyage to Virginia was that of finding a new and unexplored country, utterly different from any in which he had adventured.

With such a career behind him, it is not surprising that Smith should have had but little patience with Wingfield, or, for that matter, with any of the leaders of the expedition. None of them had pioneer experience, none had sustained such astounding adventures. Smith considered them incompetent for work so stern and difficult as he foresaw it would be, and he did not scruple to say so.

Never was a man with blunter speech than Smith, and though his rivals rightly complained that he had an insufferable opinion of his own

prowess, they could not deny that he was able to make good every boast he uttered. Very different might have been the history of the James River Colony, if Smith had been made the leader from the very start.

Among the sealed instructions which were opened by Wingfield, on landing, was a paper from Hakluyt, giving advice as to the necessary requirements for a site. It should be, he said, some distance up a navigable river, protected by a fort at the river's mouth; it should be upon high-lying land, in order to avoid disease; and it should be far from a forest which would give shelter to enemies.

In spite of Smith's endorsement of this advice—or, perhaps, because of it—Wingfield disregarded every word. He chose a wooded peninsula with a pestilential swamp at the back, and a heavy growth of high grass running up to the very fort. Its sole advantage was that there was good anchorage for ships and that its peninsular form adapted it for military defense.

After a couple of weeks spent in helping the settlers to construct a fort, Newport began the exploration of the surrounding country. He asked Smith to accompany him. With twenty-four men, they sailed up the broad stream, which, in honor of the King, they named the James River. They reached as high as a little Indian village called Powhatan Falls, just above the present site of Richmond. The natives were friendly. Newport

was of a kindly disposition and Smith possessed positive genius in dealing with Indians.

The local tribal conditions aided the alliance. Each tribe, while obeying its own chief, gave allegiance to the head war-chief of the Powhatan tribe, the leader in this loose confederacy. The principal village of the Powhatans was called Werowocomoco and was on the York River, fifteen miles from the newly constructed English fort, first known as James Fort and afterwards as Jamestown.

When Newport and Smith returned, they found the fort had been attacked by Indians hostile to the Powhatan confederacy. The savages had been repulsed, but one Englishman had been killed and eleven wounded, among the latter being four of the five councillors.

Under Newport's orders, the fort was strengthened and palisadoed, eight days being spent at the work. Newport chafed at the delay, for the wind was fair for England. Moreover, so much time had passed since the fleet left England that only four months' provisions were left. It was very doubtful whether a voyage to England and back, with more supplies, could be made within that time.

On June 21, Opechancanough, chief of the Pamunkey tribe and brother of Powhatan, sent a messenger to the fort to assure the white men of his friendship and alliance. This was due to a message from Powhatan who had heard favorably

of Newport and Smith from Parahunt, chief of the sub-tribe at Powhatan Falls. On this evidence of Indian friendship, Newport's fears were greatly relieved, and he set sail for England the following day.

But Jamestown was its own worst foe. All the councillors were mutinously inclined towards Wingfield, and few were on friendly terms with the others. The food was scant and the water bad. The region was a hot-bed of malaria and low fever. The "Paradise of Virginia" showed itself on closer acquaintance to be a gloomy, pest-ridden, mosquito-haunted, tide-water swamp.

George Percy gives a good picture of the sufferings of that time.

"Our men," he wrote, "were destroyed in cruel diseases, burning fevers and by wars, some died suddenly, but the most part, of mere famine. There never were Englishmen left in a foreign country in such misery as we were in this new-discovered Virginia. . . . Laying on the bare, cold ground, what weather soever came, brought our men to be most feeble wretches.

"Our food was but a small can of barley sodden in water, divided among five men once a day. Our drink was cold water taken out of the river, which was at flood very salt, and at a low tide full of slime and filth, which was the destruction of many of our men.

"Thus we lived for the space of five months

in this miserable distress, not having five able men to man our bulwarks upon any occasion. . . . Many times, three or four died in one night. In the morning, their bodies were trailed out of their cabins, like dogs, to be buried."

The first of the councillors to die was Captain Gosnold, a clear-headed sailor whose sense of discipline had helped to hold the council together. After his death, the feud between Wingfield and Smith flared high. Smith accused the president of keeping food and wine for himself, meanwhile starving the men; he further charged him with tyranny and treason to the Company. Wingfield reasserted his accusation of mutiny, though Smith had been acquitted by a jury a few days before Newport sailed for home.

The truth was that Wingfield was a gallant soldier and an honorable gentleman, but an utterly incompetent leader; Smith was a rough-tongued and mutinous hot-head, but a born pioneer and a natural master of men.

Early in September, Wingfield was deposed both from the presidency and the council, and Ratcliffe was elected in his place. Soon afterwards, a new mutiny was discovered, headed by Captain Kendall. The treason was fully proved. By order of the council, Kendall was taken out and shot.

During these pitiful and shameful times, Smith alone saved the situation. Many visits he made

to the Indians and managed to secure small stores of corn. Then, to use his own words, "came welcome relief, such abundance of fowls (wild ducks, probably) upon our rivers as greatly refreshed our weak estate, whereupon many of our weak men were presently able to go abroad.

"As yet we had no houses to cover us. Our tents were rotten and our cabins worse than nought. . . . At this time most of our chiefest men were either sick or discontented, the rest being in such despair that they would rather starve and rot with idleness than be persuaded to do anything for their own relief."

Such hopeless despair seems incredible, for the woods were full of game, the seas full of fish. Either Smith or Gosnold could have whipped the idlers into shape, but Smith had enemies and Gosnold was dead.

On December 10, having secured enough food from the Indians to last the fort a little while, Smith started on a trading, hunting and exploring expedition up the Chickahominy River. Having gone as far in the shallop as the water would allow, he proceeded onward in a canoe with two of his comrades and two Indian guides. While exploring ashore, the party of five was attacked by a force of two hundred Indians. Smith's two white comrades were killed, and he was taken prisoner.

The motive for this attack, according to Wingfield's narrative, was revenge, since some Indians

of this tribe had been kidnaped by white men, many years before, possibly those of the ill-fated Bartholomew Gilbert expedition. Smith was conducted to several Indian villages by his captors and the chiefs were asked if he resembled the leader of the kidnapers. With strict honesty, all agreed that he was much broader but not as tall as the man sought. The English captain was then taken before Powhatan for judgment.

In the skirmish during which his two comrades had been slain, Smith had killed several Indians. According to redskin law, his life was forfeit to the tribe. Powhatan, therefore, in spite of his former friendship, ordered the captive's immediate execution.

Two large flat stones were laid on the ground in front of the chief. Smith was forced to lie down with his head upon one of these, while a group of braves surrounded him with tomahawks, ready to beat out his brains when the chief should give the word.

At this juncture, Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan and then but twelve years old, rushed forward, and, throwing herself on the ground beside the captive, she laid her head on his.

Powhatan, without expressing either anger or even surprise, at once ordered the executioners to retire, and Smith's life was saved. The English captain's amazement was great, for he could not fathom Pocahontas' purpose.

Two days later, the mystery of this release deep-

ened. The old chief, having, in Smith's words, "disguised himself in the fearfullest manner he could," ordered that the captive be taken to a great house standing lonely by itself in the woods. There, "after the dolefullest noise that ever was heard" and after a vast number of ceremonies which Smith could in no manner understand, the great war-chief came out of this lonely house "looking more like a devil than a man" and informed the prisoner that he was free.

Moreover, Powhatan declared anew his friendship for Smith and agreed to a personal exchange of gifts. On Smith's return to the fort, he was to send Powhatan two cannons and a grindstone, in return for which he would be granted a piece of land in the village and would evermore be regarded as the chief's own son.

Smith's own story of this rescue is peculiarly interesting. He shows, quite clearly, that he did not understand the actions of the Indians, and, until quite recently, the interference of Pocahontas has been grossly misread. A thorough knowledge of Indian law and Indian customs throws a clear light on the whole affair.

Pocahontas was the younger sister of Parahunt, the young chief at Powhatan Falls with whom Newport and Smith had made a treaty of friendship. Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, was friendly to the whites at this time. Although he was head war-chief of the confederacy, however, he could not go against Indian law, but rather

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

The gathering of the Armada in the spring of 1588 interfered with the plans of the Virginia colonies. Every ship and every man was needed in England for the defence of the country. England was fighting for her life and she knew it. One of the relief expeditions fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh under the command of Grenville was stopped by the Lord High Admiral and the ships seized for the navy.

POCAHONTAS CLAIMING THE LIFE OF THE CONDEMNED MAN AT THE EXECUTION STONE

It was an iron-bound rule, under the old Indian laws, that a prisoner of war, who had killed any member of the tribe must be put to death unless he became, himself, a member of the tribe, to replace the loss he had caused. Pocahontas' action was to express that Smith had become her adopted brother and so a candidate for formal adoption into the tribe.

was required to administer justice according to that law.

It was an iron-bound rule that a prisoner of war, who had killed any member of the tribe, must be put to death unless he became, himself, a member of the tribe, to replace the loss that he had caused. This he could only do by adoption.

Any member of the tribe, old or young, male or female, had a right to demand the life of a condemned prisoner of war, providing the captive was willing to be adopted and providing that the sponsor was ready to assume the responsibility for the acts of the new member of the tribe.

Pocahontas, therefore, was not acting under the impulse of "love at first sight", as has often been supposed. She was only twelve years old. She was carrying out a not uncommon form of Indian custom. It is more than possible that Powhatan had arranged the matter beforehand.

Smith's own account of what happened after he had been saved from the tomahawks shows that this is the true explanation. He was utterly in the dark as to the meaning of the ceremonies that followed, but they are quite clear to any student of Indian ways.

Powhatan was a medicine-man, as well as a war-chief. When Pocahontas, by her action, avowed herself as Smith's tribal sponsor, it was necessary to carry out the ceremonies of adoption. The "disguise in fearfullest manner" of which Smith writes was undoubtedly Powhatan's

medicine-man costume. The lonely house in the woods was the medicine hut, which is always distant from the camp. The doleful howling were the chants and ceremonies of adoption. It was in full ceremonial paint, "looking more like a devil than a man," that Powhatan formally notified Smith of his reception into the tribe.

The exchange of goods ratified the acceptance. The gift of a piece of land was an evidence of tribal rights. The statement that Smith would be the chief's own son was an announcement that he had become the adopted brother of Pocahontas, the chief's daughter. That the alliance was accepted by the tribe is seen in the fact that Pocahontas was allowed to visit the fort frequently, with the consent of her father, and that the sending of regular supplies by the Powhatan Indians began at the same time.

A correct understanding of the relations between the little Indian girl and the famous soldier of fortune does not weaken their importance nor diminish their beauty. The figures of the winsome Pocahontas and the valiant John Smith will ever cast a gentle glamor over the quarrels and sufferings which darkened the history of the first English settlement on the James River.

CHAPTER IV

THE STARVING TIME

The adoption of Captain John Smith by the Powhatan Indians was a matter of supreme importance to the colony, yet it was only by the narrowest squeak that the adventurer lived to take advantage of it. When he returned to Jamestown, January 2, 1608, he found his head in greater peril than when he was lying on a stone in front of the war-chief, expecting the tomahawk-wielders to beat out his brains.

Envy, hatred and mutiny had broken out afresh. During Smith's absence, his most vindictive enemy, Gabriel Archer, had been elected a member of the council. Archer was both a lawyer and a fanatic. From the moment of his election he schemed ways to injure Smith.

Finally, despairing of reaching his enemy by the civil law, he bethought him of a strange idea. In the Old Testament he found an ancient Levitical law which stated that a commander who unnecessarily led his men into a danger whereby they perished should himself be put to death. Upon Smith's arrival at the fort he was instantly

arrested and charged by Archer with the violation of this law.

Ratcliffe, the new president, was not unwilling to get rid of Smith. He was afraid of him. He feared that the news of the captain's success with the Indians would gain him too many supporters, and Ratcliffe was well aware that his rule was detested.

The council had become a farce. Gosnold and Kendall were dead; Wingfield and Smith were prisoners. The two conspirators, Ratcliffe and Archer, formed a majority of the council. They promptly found Smith guilty under this long-forgotten Levitical law and condemned him to be hanged next day.

But Captain John Smith was born to adventure. He had not escaped death a score of times to be hanged because of the spite of a rascal like Archer.

That very evening, by a chance which reads like the happenings of a fairy tale, Newport suddenly arrived before the fort in the *John and Francis,* bringing what is known as "The First Supply." He found a terrible state of affairs.

When Newport left Jamestown, on June 22, 1607, there were 105 colonists surviving. When he returned, on January 2, 1608, only 38 men remained alive to greet him. All were weakened with famine and disease. Of the six councillors, one was dead from disease, one had been executed, one had been deposed and was in irons, and one was under sentence to be hanged next day.

Newport, like the dashing privateer and disciplinary sea-dog that he was, burst upon Ratcliffe and Archer like a northern gale. He thundered contempt of the decrees of President Ratcliffe and swore that if Archer dared to open his mouth to him, he would have him stripped, tied to a tree and given forty lashes. He released Wingfield and Smith and restored the latter to his place on the council.

For a few days, hope revived. The *John and Francis* had brought a fair cargo of supplies, but she had also brought more colonists (either 90 or 120 according to different accounts). This hope was too good to last.

Disaster dogged the settlers steadily. Five days after the arrival of the ship, a fire broke out which consumed the dwellings and the storehouses and a large part of the food. The winter was cold and the marsh-land damp. The new arrivals, compelled to live in mere shelters of boughs loosely woven together, speedily sickened. Many took pneumonia and died within a few weeks of their landing.

Newport, accompanied by Smith, made an official visit to Powhatan. The fleet commander had brought from England a number of showy gifts for the war-chief, and since Smith's adoption into the tribe was but recent, the Indian leader was most friendly. He ordered Newport's pinnace to be loaded to the gunwales with provisions.

Despite this double supply—from the *John and*

Francis and from Powhatan—Newport's stay helped the colony but little. The London Company, seeing all the money going out and none coming in, had ordered him to bring back a cargo. By the terms of the charter, communal work was compulsory.

To fulfill the desires of the London merchants, the sick and hungered colonists were compelled to labor at back-breaking toil. Huge black walnut trees were felled and hewn into logs for shipment. There were no roads, no horses, no machinery. The logs had to be hauled and lifted by the poor strength of the exhausted settlers. Captain Martin had discovered some ore which he wrongly supposed might contain gold, and weary weeks were spent in digging this worthless stuff.

As a result of this wasted energy, the imperative needs of the colony were neglected. Only four acres of land were cleared and planted with corn that spring.

Disease and exposure, and, above all, the slavery of overwork in a fetid marsh, claimed their toll of life. When Newport sailed again for England, on April 14, 1608, he had his cargo, but it was at the cost of two score graves and more. Even with the addition of the new arrivals, only 53 men were left alive. Wingfield, the deposed president, and Archer, the trouble-maker, went back with Newport.

Ten days after the *John and Francis* had left with her cargo, the *Phœnix* arrived. She brought

45 more colonists and additional supplies. But her captain, also, by the orders of the Company, demanded a cargo of cedar. With better weather, new hands and plenty of supplies, the small vessel was quickly loaded. The light cedar was easier to handle. There were 95 colonists living when the *Phœnix* sailed for England in June.

Smith spent the summer exploring Chesapeake Bay, and the Potomac, Susquehanna and Rappahannock Rivers. His map of those regions is a monument of skill, hard work, keen observation and a marvelous understanding of Indians. But, when he returned to Jamestown, he found the settlement in as desperate a state as ever.

The malarial season of 1608 had been as bad as that of the year before, and the swampy site of Jamestown was a deliberate challenge to Death. Mutiny, also, had broken out again. Ratcliffe had been deposed, and Matthew Scrivener elected temporarily in his place. When Ratcliffe's term ended, Smith was unanimously chosen President.

Less than three weeks after Smith's election, on September 29, 1608, Newport arrived with the "Second Supply." He found but 50 colonists alive.

The colonists brought in the Second Supply numbered 70; of these Captain Peter Wynne and Captain Richard Waldo were appointed to be of the council. Among the new settlers was one gentlewoman, Mrs. Forrest, and also her maid, Anne Burras. Two months later the maid married John

Laydon, this being the first English marriage ceremony on American soil. She gave birth, a year later, to Virginia Laydon, the first white baby born in the James River colony.

As on his former voyage, Newport brought drastic orders from the London Company that the colony must bestir itself to make money for its backers. Either a route to the Pacific Ocean or a gold-mine must be found immediately; otherwise, large cargoes of rare woods must be got ready for shipment.

Smith bluntly told the commander that the members of the Company were fools. Yet he was a soldier, and he obeyed the orders without hesitation.

In December, 1608, Newport returned to England with a cargo of pitch, tar, iron ore and timber, provided under conditions of terrible toil by the feeble and short-handed settlers. Smith grew more and more furious as the slow process of loading continued, and he wrote to the Company what he rightly called "A Rude Letter."

This epistle was as truthful as it was insubordinate. Speaking for the colonists, Smith declared that "in overtaxing our weak and unskillful bodies to satisfy this desire of present profit, we scarce can recover ourselves from one Supply to another." He pointed out that this policy of putting a few pennies into the pockets of London merchants, at the cost of life and hope in Virginia, made the colony dependent upon Indian charity.

ARRIVAL OF SUPPLY SHIPS AT JAMESTOWN

Such a scene was of frequent occurrence when the colony became a settled reality but in the first days of the settlement such a sight was always welcome, never more so however than on the arrival of the *John and Francis* "The First Supply."

POCAHONTAS LEARNING TO READ

Pocahontas frequently visited Jamestown after the return of Captain Smith from the Indian camp. Tradition says he taught her to read and this old painting shows the winsome daughter of Powhatan and the valiant captain at study.

Turbashaw was the firſt champion sent out by the Turks to joust with the Christian knight.

Grualgo was the second champion picked by the Turks and too was quickly defeated.

PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S TRAVELS AMONG THE TURKS

Bonny-Mulgro was the third champion sent out by the Turks to accept Smith's challenge.

Three TVRKS heads in a banner giuen him for Armes. Chap. 7.
Sigismundus
Moyses
How he was presented to Prince SIGISMVNDVS. Chap. 8.

Prince Sigismundus knighted Captain Smith for his exploit and granted him a coat. of arms of three Turks' heads, presenting him with a banner with this device upon it

PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S TRAVELS AMONG THE TURKS

THE CROWNING OF POWHATAN

Among the gifts which Captain Newport brought to Chief Powhatan were a crown and ermine trimmed scarlet robe, a four-post bedstead, and many household utensils such as had never before been seen by the Indians.

Furthermore, it prevented the building of houses, clearing of land and planting of fields.

There was, however, another side to the story, and Newport did his best to point it out. The London merchants had expended many hundreds of pounds and had not received in return as many shillings. They had entered the business as a commercial speculation. The Charter required that communal work should be done. They had a right to demand that work.

The Second Supply had been able to bring but a small amount of provisions. The long sea voyage had consumed a large proportion of the food, and enough must be left on board for the return trip. Moreover, as each supply ship also brought more colonists, this meant more mouths to feed.

When Newport sailed for home in December. he left but two months' food. He could by no means return with more supplies under twice that length of time. The colony was once more foredoomed to starvation.

Ratcliffe returned to England with Newport, leaving Smith as the only remaining one of the original six councillors. He was at first assisted by Scrivener, Waldo and Wynne. The first two were accidentally drowned, three weeks after Newport's departure, and Wynne died shortly after. Smith was left as sole ruler, and he appointed no more councillors.

Trouble was brewing among the Indians. The visits of Pocahontas had ceased, the natives no

longer brought supplies. Trading voyages to the York River resulted only in a few bushels of corn.

Smith decided upon a bold move, one which almost cost him his life and the lives of all his men. He determined to threaten Powhatan into obedience. He all but failed. Once again, it was Pocahontas who saved him.

It is to be remembered that Smith had never told Powhatan that the white men were coming to settle the country. He dared not. On the contrary, his first story had been that the English were taking refuge from the Spaniards, and were only waiting until "Father Newport" should return and take them to their own land.

Since then, Newport had come three times, on each voyage bringing more men. The colonists had constantly strengthened their fort and were trying to clear more land. It was obvious to the Indians that the white men intended to stay. It was equally clear that they were a sickly breed, and, besides, were poor farmers and worse hunters.

Powhatan saw clearly that if he wished to get rid of these unwelcome invaders, all that was necessary was to cease supplying them with food. Trading almost stopped. The redskins would accept nothing but weapons in return for corn.

Shortly after Christmas, Powhatan sent a messenger, asking for the help of white men who could show him how to build a house in white man's fashion, and promising food in payment.

Smith suspected a trap, but, at least, the men who went would be fed, and those who remained at the fort could make the provisions last a longer time.

He accepted Powhatan's offer and sent 14 men. But, a few days later, he followed with 27 men, in the pinnace and the barge. On their way up the river, a friendly Indian warned them that Powhatan was planning treachery.

In spite of the warning, Smith continued on his journey. It was not choice, but necessity. Even on short rations, the food in the fort would not last a month.

Ignoring all precautions, which he knew would be interpreted as a sign of fear, he advanced to the war-chief's town of Werowocomoco and faced Powhatan boldly.

The conference—the full details of which are given in Smith's own narrative—was a keen contest of wits. Each leader suspected the other. Powhatan accused Smith of falsehood, the Englishman retorted that the Indians had broken their oath of friendship.

The chief sneered that the white men, who claimed to be so clever, were compelled to depend for their food on the charity of the Indians; Smith retorted that the English had means of getting food in ways that savages could not understand, implying magic powers. Seeing that this hint of sorcery worried the aged chief, Smith solemnly

prophesied that the day the whites withdrew their friendship, ruin would fall upon the tribe.

Powhatan appeared to give way and decoyed Smith and one comrade into a small hut. Instantly the place was surrounded with armed braves, but, before they could enter, the two white men leaped out with drawn swords and charged so furiously that the Indians fled.

This maladroit treachery gave Smith a moral advantage, and he seized it. He denounced Powhatan for a coward and oath-breaker, bullied him before his own sub-chiefs and braves, and by sheer dominance of character overbore the war-chief, compelled him to produce corn and have it loaded in the barge.

By the time this was done, the tide had fallen and the boat was stranded. There was nothing to do but wait for high tide. The Englishmen took up their quarters in a hut, some distance from the village and Smith ordered Powhatan to send them food for their evening meal.

There was a long delay, and the white men got ready for the worst. "Then," as Smith tells the story, "then that dearest jewel, Pocahontas, in that dark night came through the irksome woods and told us that great cheer should be sent, by and by, but Powhatan and all the power he could make would come afterward and kill us all, if they that brought the food did not kill us . . . when we were at supper. Therefore, if we would

live, she wished us presently (instantly) to be gone.

"Such things as she delighted in, we would have given her, but, with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know it, she were dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came."

An hour later, a dozen powerful braves appeared, bringing venison, roasted corn and other food. There was little doubt that others were lurking in the woods, awaiting a signal.

The savages found the white men obviously on guard, every man on the alert, in full armor, the matches of their matchlocks glowing. And, as the Indians were leaving, after depositing the food on the floor of the hut, Smith said sternly and with threatening emphasis,

"If Father Powhatan is coming to visit us to-night, let him make haste, for I am full ready to receive him."

To the Indians, never quite sure as to the magical powers of the white men, this message was menacing. Smith's knowledge of their plans seemed like sorcery. They saw that they could not count upon the advantage of surprise. They did not dare to face a body of desperate men, in armor, well equipped with firearms and plenty of ammunition.

There was no sleep among the white men that night. A vigilant guard was kept at every point

until high tide. Then, with every precaution against surprise that Smith's long military experience could suggest, the barge got away with 300 bushels of corn on board.

Thus, by the warning of Pocahontas, a massacre was averted, for a large war-party had been concealed near the fort, to storm it and slay every man, woman and child therein, so soon as a swift runner should bring news of the destruction of Smith and his band.

With the coming of spring, the colony showed signs of prospering under Smith's vigorous rule. A well was dug, and, for the first time, the settlers had good drinking water. Twenty cabins were built, the church repaired, forty acres of land cleared and planted with corn.

All was proceeding smoothly, when, suddenly, the terrible discovery was made that rats had got into the casks where the corn was stored. Much of it had been eaten, and the rest had been so spoiled by the rats that it had begun to rot. In that moist, swampy air, the rot spread rapidly. Amid the spring rains, it could not be spread out to dry. Hardly any of the grain was fit to eat.

From hope and content, the colony was again plunged into despair. With Powhatan an enemy, no Indian supplies could be secured. The crop would not be ripe for several months. There was no knowing when another supply ship would come.

In this urgency, Smith divided the colonists into four parties, in order that one or the other

might have the better chance of surviving. One party took copper and beads and was sent to trade with isolated Indian villages who might have a few handfuls of corn to give; this party might find game in the woods or could live on berries as soon as they should ripen. A second party was sent to the oyster banks; these men suffered sorely, for the exclusive shell-fish diet produced a fearful skin disease in which the skin fell from them in patches "as if they had been flayed." A third party was stationed near Old Point Comfort to live on such fish as the men could catch. The fourth party acted as a small garrison at the fort and lived on famine rations of the scanty food there was remaining.

On July 14, 1609, the fishers at Old Point Comfort saw a ship come in. She was under the command of Captain Samuel Argall, and carried a supply of biscuit and wine, enough to last the colonists for one month. Argall had not come as the commander of a supply ship. He had been sent to try a shorter and more direct route to Virginia and also to fish for sturgeon in the James River.

Argall brought news no less important than the supplies. He informed Smith that the old charter had been repealed, that the Royal Council of Virginia had been abolished, and that Lord De La Warr (Delaware) was coming at the head of an army of men and a fleet of ships as the sole and absolute governor of Virginia.

This news was correct in every particular. Indeed, by the time Argall reached Virginia, the great fleet was already within a week's sail of the American coast. Never did so large a supply expedition so nearly attain its aims, and yet result so lamentably.

The disasters on the James River had been the cause of the change of colonization plans. The tales of Wingfield and Ratcliffe and the letters of Smith had disheartened many of the backers of the Company. These abandoned the project. Others wished to continue, but on a different basis. On May 23, 1609, a new charter was granted, now generally known as the Second Virginia Charter.

This entirely separated the James River colony from any relation with "North Virginia." It reduced the amount of territory, confining it to 200 miles of the seacoast, stretching an equal distance north and south of Old Point Comfort and inland as far as the South Sea (Pacific Ocean). The government of the colony passed from the control of a Royal Council and was placed in the hands of the stockholders of the company.

The two leaders were admirably chosen. The treasurer, who controlled affairs in England, was Sir Thomas Smythe, perhaps the finest figure of a great merchant prince that early England produced. The governor, in supreme control in the colony, was Thomas West, Lord De La Warr, related to Queen Elizabeth and a staunch promoter of American colonization. Sir Thomas

Gates, a sturdy soldier, was made lieutenant-governor; Sir George Somers, a fine type of the Elizabethan sea-dog breed, was named as admiral.

A fleet of nine large vessels was put under the command of Newport, and Gates and Somers sailed with him on June 8, 1609, in his flagship, the *Sea Venture*.

Between 500 and 600 emigrants were included in this "Third Supply," about 100 being women and children. Most of these had been lured by false promises. Every adventurer who subscribed a small sum was to have a share and a voice in the affairs of the Company. Every emigrant was promised ample food and clothing, a house, orchard, garden and 100 acres of land for himself and each member of the family; skilled tradesmen and professional men were to be allowed a great deal more.

It seems incredible that such men as Newport, Ratcliffe and Archer—all of whom knew the truth about the James River—could have permitted and even supported such a tissue of misrepresentation. Yet they did so, and under these specious and deliberate lies, thousands of pounds were subscribed and hundreds of emigrants volunteered.

Lord De La Warr, who had at first purposed to accompany the fleet, remained in London to make further plans to send an even larger number of colonists in the following spring. In order that there should be no disputes over leadership, Gates was given "the rights, privileges and duties of

sole and absolute governor'' until Lord De La Warr should arrive.

All went well at first. The fleet took the Azores route. It was not a week's sail off the American coast when a whirling West Indian hurricane swept on it from Cape Hatteras. One of the smaller ships was sunk with all on board. The other vessels were scattered.

The *Sea Venture* suffered terribly. Her timbers were so wrenched and strained that she leaked like a sieve. A score of times it seemed as though nothing could keep her from going to the bottom. For five days, the crew worked in relays, pumping and baling, standing in water to their waists. Jury-masts were rigged on which scraps of sail could be hoisted.

The ship was kept afloat by the magnetic authority and the indomitable vigor of the veteran Somers. The grizzled admiral, staunch old sea-dog that he was, never left the quarter-deck for three days and three nights.

At length land was sighted and the *Sea Venture* was driven for the shore. So cleverly was she handled by Somers that the vessel was run in and wedged immovably between two rocks. Every soul aboard was saved, and most of the cargo and gear was salvaged. The island was found to be uninhabited, save by wild pigs, a proof that, at one time, Europeans must have landed there. With their ship a complete wreck, the leaders of the new colony were marooned.

On August 11, 1609, four ships of Gates' fleet—but without Gates, Newport or Somers—staggered into Hampton Roads. Three other vessels arrived a few days later. About 350 colonists were landed, many of them ill of the "London Plague." It was the malarial season in Virginia. The provisions brought by the ships had been badly spoiled by sea-water. Instead of relieving the situation on the James River, the coming of the "Third Supply" made it infinitely worse.

Matters were bad enough. Some 70 or 80 persons were alive, all dispersed into various parties and starving. Some were at the oyster-beds, dying slowly of "shell-fish leprosy." Some were eking out a miserable existence in the woods with berries and an occasional rabbit as their sole support. Some were little better than slaves to the Indians. Only a handful of emaciated men remained at the fort.

The non-arrival of Gates, the only man with authority to rule, renewed the civil strife which had cursed the James River colony from the start. Smith's enemies, Ratcliffe, Archer and Martin, had come in command of three of the vessels of the fleet. Since their new authority came directly from the hands of Lord De La Warr, they promptly joined forces against Smith.

Ratcliffe peremptorily ordered Smith to abdicate in his favor. Smith refused, point blank, and swore that he would yield his authority to no one except Lord De La Warr, Gates or some one duly

appointed as governor by either. The old colonists and most of the sailors supported Smith, the new colonists were on the side of Ratcliffe. Civil war was about to break out when Smith arrested Ratcliffe and put him in irons as a disturber of the peace.

While the corn crop would soon ripen, there was but little to feed the hundreds of inexpert and plague-stricken colonists brought over by the Third Supply. It was again necessary to divide the settlers into three parties, one going to Nansemond, one to Powhatan Falls, the third, with the women and children, remaining at Jamestown.

The Nansemond and the Powhatan Falls settlements were attacked by Indians. The former was withdrawn to Jamestown. While making peace at Powhatan Falls, Smith surveyed and bought from the Indians a tract of land near the present site of Richmond. This place, which he called "None-Such," was on a range of hills, healthful and easy of defense, thousandfold better than the marsh on which Jamestown was built.

The culminating disaster was to come. On his way back from "None-Such," Smith was seriously wounded by the explosion of a bag of gunpowder in the boat. He reached Jamestown completely disabled.

Immediately his enemies, with Archer at the head, took occasion to spread all sorts of scurrilous stories against him. Some declared that he led men into danger that they might be killed

to enable the provisions to last longer; others asserted that he whipped and imprisoned men whose only fault was that they dared to withstand his orders (a curious manner of excusing mutiny); those who had suffered on the oyster banks blamed him for their diseases; many blamed him for not having married Pocahontas (although she was not yet fifteen years of age) and thus having a hostage for the Indians.

Amid such rivalry and hate as existed at Jamestown, it is difficult to be sure of the exact truth. All narratives are partisan and contradictory. The writers did not mince their words. Undoubtedly Smith was something of a braggart, admittedly he dealt with military harshness. But that he saved Jamestown on several occasions, not even his foes could deny. When he sailed for England, a disabled man, early in October, George Percy had been chosen as the new President.

What Smith did for Virginia was told in the official proceedings, written by the colony-merchant, the surgeon and others, and published in 1612. Of Smith's departure, this historical record states:

"What shall I say, but thus we lost him that, in all his proceedings, made justice his first good, and experience his second; ever hating baseness, sloth, pride and indignity more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himself than his soldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself;

that would never see us want what he either had or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved actions more than words and hated falsehood and cozenage [cheating] worse than death; whose adventures were our lives, and whose loss our deaths."

It would be difficult to find, in all history, a higher pæan of praise than this!

Never were truer words written than "his loss our deaths." Smith's departure was a signal of doom. Percy, the new President, was a man of unblemished character, but he was not of the heroic mold of which great pioneers are made.

Moreover, his task was an impossible one. There were now nearly 500 mouths to fill, and there was not much food with which to fill them. The well which had been dug by Smith and which gave water enough for a few settlers was useless for so many. They must needs return to drinking the disease-breeding river water. Dysentery broke out in its most violent form.

The vicious principle of communism, whereby idlers shared equally with workers, and which had been held in check by the autocracy of Smith, now bore its evil fruit. The older settlers, who had struggled so long and so bitterly, found themselves swamped by this new flood of feeble fortune-seekers. The new colonists, utterly disheartened, would not work, nor would they have known

how to do so. Percy had no power; he lay helpless, so ill that "he could neither go nor stand."

The Indians who had been held back by their fear of Smith now broke into open defiance. They "did murder and spoil all they could encounter." Instead of trying to heal the breach, "the unruly gallants among the new arrivals commenced to shoot savages for sport."

The Indians were not slow to answer. Ratcliffe and thirty men were massacred at a Pamunkey village and a party under the command of Francis West, brother of Lord De La Warr, was cut to pieces, West barely escaping with his life. The Indians killed most of the settlers' hogs, sheep and fowls, which had been brought in the Third Supply, in order that the white men should have no food.

The winter came cruelly, with raw winds and wet snow. Any man who left the fort in quest of firewood was likely to leave his body in the woods, with an Indian arrow in the joints of his armor or even a musket bullet. In their distress, the colonists had begun to exchange firearms for food, a thing Smith had never permitted.

Scores died from cold. As each cabin was emptied by death, it was pulled down and used for firewood. Driven to desperation by the scarcity of fuel inside and the lurking death outside, reckless settlers stripped the palisadoes for firewood and pulled down the logs of the fort wall. As the barrier weakened, ever and anon a

flight of arrows would sweep over and through the fort, to remind the white men that the Indians were watching them die like rats in a trap.

Spring brought no relief. To the misery of cold succeeded the horror of famine, the worst that the James River colony had ever known, for now there was no John Smith to help them. There was fish in the rivers and game in the woods, but war-canoes waited on the water and ambush-parties lurked in the forests.

Finally the last grain of corn was eaten, the last biscuit gone. The survivors tried to live on roots and herbs, going freely into the woods, not caring much whether an Indian arrow should give them release from the tortures of hunger.

Cannibalism began. The corpse of an Indian was boiled publicly and eaten. The awful madness spread. Delirious with hunger, the survivors ate of their dead comrades, whether they had died of disease or no. One man killed his wife, salted her flesh and had lived thereon for three weeks before he was found out.

Even in their terrible state, the decency of the remaining colonists revolted at this inhuman crime. The man was tried, found guilty and burned alive. Other happenings, not less terrible, are recorded of those dark months known to history as "The Starving Time."

Meantime, a thousand miles away, on that uninhabited group of islets then marked on the charts as the "Isles of Demons" but now known

as the Bermuda Islands, the marooned leaders of the James River colony worked with might and main. The islands were fruitful and healthful.

Gates, Somers and Newport ruled their little colony of the survivors of the *Sea Venture* with prudence and industry. From the small-sized cedars which grew on the islands, they built two small pinnaces, which they called the *Patience* and the *Deliverance*. For ironwork they were dependent on scraps from the wreck.

Not knowing whether the pinnaces would be seaworthy, Gates allowed the use of but a small part of the provisions saved from the *Sea Venture*. Fruit was plentiful. The castaways laid in ample supplies of salted pork from the wild pigs and an abundance of smoked fish. For ten months they lived there, busily and happily.

When, at last, the two pinnaces set sail from Bermuda, the 150 colonists had learned pioneering and discipline; more important still, they possessed confidence in their leaders. In their small, home-made craft, they crossed the Gulf Stream without mishap and reached Jamestown on May 10, 1610.

Sixty creatures, men, women and children, all with a gleam of madness in their eyes, tottered through the gaps in the tumble-down fort wall to greet their Governor.

The rest were dead.

Of the survivors, eight died while trying to swallow the first mouthful of food. In the remain-

ing fifty-two the spark of life burned so feebly that, even with care and good food, it would be weeks before these haggard semblances of humanity would be able to help themselves.

Again the food question rose uppermost. The pinnaces had brought food, more than enough for their voyage, but the colonists who had been marooned on the Bermudas had expected to find a flourishing town on the James River and all their fellow-settlers well established on the promised farms. They found nothing. Not a field had been planted. The salted pork and the smoked fish would hardly last a month.

Smitten with the misery and the pity of it all, Gates, Somers and Newport—great men, all three—decided that Virginia must be abandoned. Not counting the 150 men of the *Sea Venture,* over 700 people had been landed on the Virginia shore; of these, only 52 human wrecks remained. Not a house, a fort nor a planted field remained to compensate for three years of bitter suffering, and the Indians had been rendered hostile.

The abandonment was begun. The ruined cabins were stripped of what few things remained, the survivors were helped or carried on board the pinnaces. On June 7, 1610, the *Virginia* (Smith's pinnace), the *Patience* and the *Deliverance* floated down that somber and hated stream—the James River. The settlers bivouacked that night on Mulberry Island and resumed the voyage with the next dawn.

Just at noon, cries of joy and incredulity mingled, broke out from the leading pinnace. A longboat was seen approaching, an English longboat on those overhung and sluggish waters! It bore the most welcome of all welcome news—that Lord De La Warr had arrived with a well-provisioned fleet, and, even now, was standing into the harbor.

Gone was every idea of abandoning Virginia! Even the wan ghosts who lay in the pinnaces and who represented all that remained of British effort in America, raised a feeble echo to the cheer.

The prows of the pinnaces were turned upstream again. The 150 colonists of the *Sea Venture,* who had worked so faithfully in the Bermudas, now saw the fruits of their toil. Jamestown was soon reached, and, in a fever of haste, the new-comers commenced to patch up the cabins and to remove some of the manifold evidences of despair.

The Sunday following, Lord De La Warr came in person, and, so the record runs, the most hardened of the soldiers with him sobbed at the spectacle of misery that met their eyes. The three great captains, Gates, Somers and Newport, stood to attention, while Lord De La Warr, kneeling in that misery-bedewed fort enclosure, offered up his heartfelt thanks that he had not come too late, that he had arrived in time to save Virginia.

CHAPTER V

THE LAND OF TOBACCO

A new spirit arose in Virginia—the spirit of discipline. De La Warr's authority could not be disputed, Gates brooked no trifling. Yet three hindrances to success remained: scarcity of food, Indian hostility and the unhealthfulness of the site of Jamestown.

Lord De La Warr lost no time in dealing with the food situation. Having learned from Somers how near were the pig-populated Bermudas, he sent the admiral and Argall in the two home-made pinnaces for cargoes of salted pork and some score of live animals for breeding.

The Bermudas, however, were not known as "the vexed Bermoothes" and the "Isles of Demons" for nothing. When halfway across the Gulf Stream, a West Indian hurricane came howling up past Cape Fear and separated the rudely constructed pinnaces.

Somers, a veteran sailor, succeeded in beating back to the Bermudas, but was taken ill soon after landing and perished there. His dying injunctions to his crew were that they should fulfill Lord De La Warr's orders and return to Virginia. But

the sailors, misliking the conditions on the James River and having a fair wind for England, sailed home, taking the body of their commander with them.

Argall, in the smaller pinnace, had run northwards before the hurricane. When it abated, he was off the coast of Maine. There he took on fresh water, and, finding the cod-fishing quick and easy, decided to stock a cargo of salt fish instead of losing time in sailing to the Bermudas for pork.

On his way back, entering Chesapeake Bay, he sailed up the Potomac River, trading with the Indians and receiving as much corn as he could carry. This trading was made possible by the aid of Harry Spelman, an English boy who had been left with the Indians a year before and who had been saved "from the fury of Powhatan" by his friendship with some of the Potomac tribes.

These supplies of fish and corn were welcome, but Argall's pinnace was small. Somers did not return. No more supply ships were to be expected from England that season.

In this difficulty, Lord De La Warr's energy showed to good advantage. He bade the settlers collect and dry berries in large numbers. He established parties of hunters and laid in store of dried venison. He kept a number of small boats fishing near the mouth of the Charles River. In spite of the lateness of his arrival, he managed to get eleven acres of land planted with corn.

Then the Lord Governor took up the question of Indian warfare. He offered peace. Powhatan answered insolently that he would not consider any terms until Lord De La Warr sent him a coach and three horses and guaranteed that the English should not occupy land outside of the peninsula of Jamestown.

Although humane, Lord De La Warr was not weak. Ignoring further parley, he ordered Gates to attack Pochins, the son of Powhatan, and to drive him from his stronghold at Kecoughtan. Gates did so with such speed and thoroughness that Powhatan was cowed. The war-chief realized that he had no chance against his white foes, unless the latter were weakened by hunger.

Famine and Indian hostility were thus checked. Malaria proved a more stubborn foe. Though new wells were dug, the swampy soil had little filtering quality and dysentery again spread through the settlement. In spite of all precautions, 150 persons died in five months from these two diseases alone. Garrisons at Fort Henry and Fort Charles suffered less heavily.

When autumn came, Newport went back to England. Gates accompanied him, to report to the Company the exact state of affairs in Virginia and to urge a speedy sending of more supplies.

When the ships had left, the outlying garrisons were withdrawn. The colonists at Jamestown were again reduced to 200 persons, men, women and children. Although able-bodied men were

few, Lord De La Warr—to make good his promise to the Company—sent a party to the Falls of the James River in search of a gold-mine. The expedition proved disastrous. Several of the men were killed by Indians. The ore that was found proved worthless.

Winter put an end to the epidemic of malaria. As cabins had been built and plenty of fuel cut, deaths from exposure were fewer than in any preceding winter. The strain, however, had become too great for the Lord Governor, who had been ill most of the summer, and who was at the point of death during the winter. Despite his sickness he labored gallantly, and, from his bed, maintained discipline and authority.

When Lord De La Warr sailed for England, on March 28, 1611, hardly expecting to reach his home alive, he left full three months' provisions and a large amount of ground prepared and manured, ready for planting. George Percy was appointed Deputy Governor until Gates should return with supplies, which were expected a few weeks later.

Gates had met with difficulties in England. The truth about Virginia was becoming known. Money was subscribed unwillingly and emigrants were even harder to find. Fewer gentlemen volunteered, and, as Smith had pointed out, the knights and gentlemen had been willing to face hardship when the artisans and laborers skulked. Gates remained in England to arrange for a further shipment and to try and induce more worthy set-

tlers to emigrate. But, knowing the needs of Jamestown, he sent three supply ships with 300 colonists under the command of Sir Thomas Dale, who was famous for his severity as a disciplinarian.

The reputation was deserved. Dale knew that he had been appointed as High Marshal of Virginia because of his ability to keep order under the roughest and most mutinous conditions. He established martial law immediately upon his arrival in May, 1611, and handled the colony for five years as though the men under his charge were convicts, instead of voluntary emigrants.

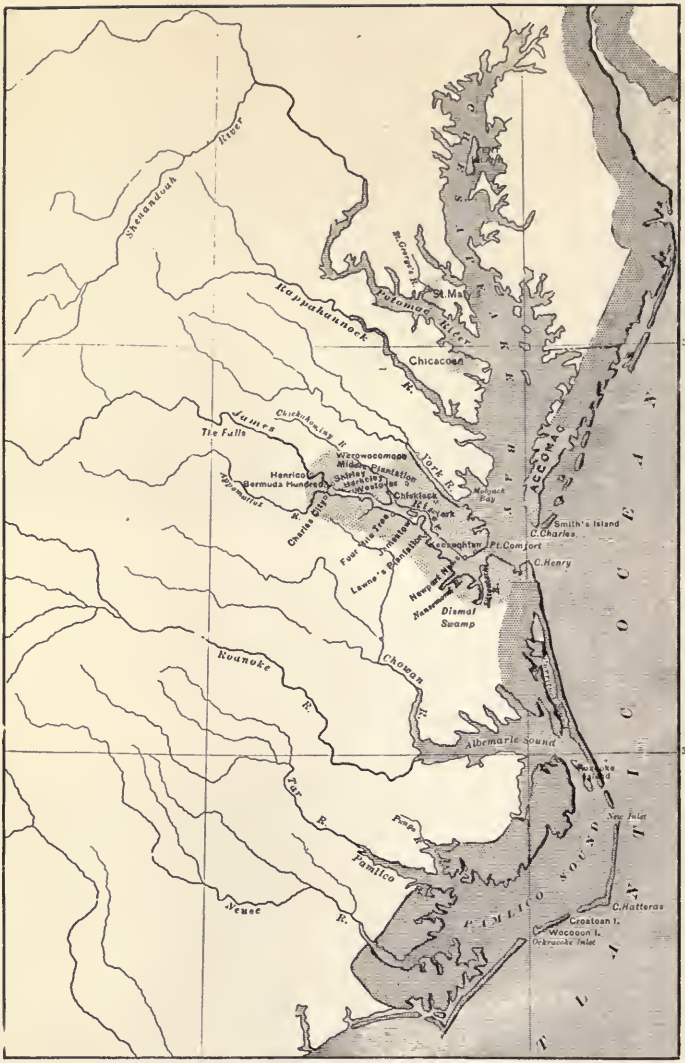
Dale's policy was clean-cut. He was an appointee of the Company, and, as a soldier, he was ready to carry out its orders. The Company came first; the colony, afterwards. In this attitude he was the direct opposite of Captain John Smith, who was eager for the interests of the colony and inclined toward insubordination to the London backers of Virginia.

Under Dale, the colonists were driven at forced labor for long hours on a scanty diet. The laws were terribly severe. Death was the punishment for criticizing the administration of the colony or for unauthorized trading with the Indians. Laziness was punished at the whipping post, and continued refusal to work was held sufficient cause for torture, or even death.

Harshness breeds resentment and conspiracy. A plot arose under Jeffrey Abbott, a friend of

THE BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS

Among the great historical paintings in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington is this painting of the scene of the baptism of Pocahontas, under the name of Rebecca. She married John Rolfe, who is therefore the original Squaw-man of American history, and went to England, living there for several years, dying in 1617 on the eve of her departure for America. The picture of her and her son is believed to have been painted from life and probably was, as it shows very distinctly the prominent facial characteristics of the Indian.



THE LOCATION OF THE EARLY COLONIAL SETTLEMENTS

This map shows the settlements of Roanoke Island, Croatoan, Jamestown, St. Mary and Kent Island. The shadowed strip of country along the coast shows the gran made by King James which was the basis of settlement of all expeditions after 160

John Smith, an excellent soldier and a hardy pioneer. He resented the autocracy of a Lord Governor. He sought no less than the overthrow of Dale, Gates and De La Warr, and the restoration of the old plan. The conspiracy was found out and the ringleaders seized, Abbott among them. Some were shot, others hanged, and one, broken on the wheel.

Desertion met an equally swift fate. Fifteen men, who had seized one of the pinnaces with the intention of escaping to England, were caught; four of the men were hanged and the others condemned to hard labor. "Hanged men," Dale was said to have remarked, grimly, "eat less than prisoners." But Dale was just. Even Alexander Whitaker, the gentle "Apostle of Virginia," did not blame this martial rule. No man was condemned without a fair and impartial trial.

The High Marshal did not spare himself. He was a daring and a gallant soldier and was always at the head of his men when there was Indian fighting to be done. All along the James and the York Rivers, he terrorized the tribes. In such matters he knew no mercy. There would be no second savage uprising, where once Dale had trod.

Nevertheless, Dale was as clear-headed as he was stern. In two respects, at least, he showed far-sighted wisdom. He determined to make the colony pay, for, if it did so, there would be no difficulty in getting supplies. He determined also to get rid of the noxious weed of communism,

which had been a source of disaster ever since the first landing on the shores of the James River.

When a man had no personal profit from his work, and toiled only under the whip, Dale declared, his unwilling labor was slow and spiritless. With one stroke, the High Marshal changed all this. He gave three acres of land to each farmer colonist, on the condition of paying six bushels of corn annually into the public granary. Another class, known as laborer colonists, had less land and gave more work to the community, but paid no tax on their harvest and were entitled to a larger share of the communal supplies.

From discontented members of a communism which had brought nothing but misgovernment and starvation, the Jamestown settlers became small landed proprietors. For the first time, they had an interest in their colony, they were working for their own homes. The plan developed slowly, but it changed the aspect of affairs in Virginia and prepared the way for the self-government soon to be established.

Dale also secured an alliance with the Indians. Strange to say, it was achieved through the kidnaping of Pocahontas. The story is a curious one, and throws another side-light on Indian customs.

In April, 1613, Argall paid another visit to his friends, the Potomac Indians. Among them, to his surprise, he found Pocahontas. She had been married to an Indian chief, but was eager to break the tie. The husband also was willing and his

willingness was sufficient in itself to break the marriage.

Indian etiquette, however, required that the young wife should be captured, in which case no reproach rested upon the husband. One of the minor chiefs of the Potomacs agreed to assist in the formality and helped Argall to abduct Pocahontas, entirely with her own approval. The young English lad, Harry Spelman, also went to Jamestown with Argall, and was for many years the interpreter for the colony.

In this abduction, Argall seems to have had two motives. The first of these was to hold Pocahontas as a hostage for Powhatan's good behavior. The second was friendliness both to Pocahontas and to the Potomacs, for the latter were open to the war-chief's displeasure so long as they harbored the fugitive wife. Dale saw immediately the military advantage of retaining the chief's daughter as a hostage, and he refrained from pushing the campaign against Powhatan which he had planned for the winter of 1613–1614.

During this winter, an entirely new turn was given to the Pocahontas romance.

Among the ablest of the colonists at Jamestown was John Rolfe, who, with his wife, had sailed on the *Sea Venture,* and had been one of the most energetic of the workers at Bermuda. While there, his little daughter, Bermuda Rolfe, was born, but she did not long survive. Mrs. Rolfe had suc-

cumbed to the pestilential climate of Jamestown, and had died soon after reaching Virginia.

Rolfe, a lonely widower, took a strong liking to Pocahontas, which ripened into affection as he came to know the Indian girl better. On her part, Powhatan's daughter greatly admired Rolfe, whose grave manners contrasted favorably with the familiarity of the younger gallants who had recently come from England. Pocahontas was easily converted to Christianity, and, shortly after her christening, her betrothal to Rolfe was announced.

Dale, like a prudent leader, at once seized the happy occasion to renew the alliance with Powhatan. The aged war-chief, well aware that the white men had planned an attack upon Werowocomoco, was only too glad to escape battle with so superior a foe. He accepted the alliance and formally announced that Pocahontas' divorce was final, under Indian law. The marriage of Rolfe and Pocahontas was solemnized in the church at Jamestown, in April, 1614, in the presence of the white leaders and many Indian chiefs.

During these five years of Dale's stern rule, Gates had been active. He visited Virginia twice and kept up a steady stream of supplies and emigrants. This he was enabled to do through the success of Dale's slave-driving policy.

Presently, however, partly because of royal disfavor and because of the heavy death-rate in the colony, financial support weakened. In 1615, it

was necessary to conduct a lottery in order to make up the deficit caused by the withdrawal of subscriptions. Dale's rigors, too, had given rise to unceasing complaints.

In May, 1616, Captain George Yeardley, then in Virginia, was appointed to succeed Gates as Deputy Governor. This took the supreme power out of the hands of Dale. The High Marshal left at once for England, and there is no doubt that the colonists were glad to see him go.

Yet Dale had accomplished much. The Indians had been kept in submission, mutiny had ceased, strong forts had been built, hundreds of acres cleared and scores of colonial farms were self-supporting. But the High Marshal, like his predecessors, had no power over the climate. Of the more than a thousand people who had come during his rule, there were but 351 alive when he sailed for home.

An interesting passenger also was on board. This was Pocahontas, who, with her husband, John Rolfe, was on her way to England. Owing to the misunderstood idea of Powhatan's importance (he had been named "Emperor" and crowned by John Smith at the insistence of the Company) the young Indian wife was acclaimed as a Princess, and was presented at court by Lady De La Warr. She was the sensation of London and was enormously fêted, being known as "La Belle Sauvage."

All was ready for her return to her native coun-

try the following year, but she died suddenly, just as the ship was leaving, and was buried near London. She left one son, Thomas, who was educated in England and emigrated to Virginia, later. Many eminent Virginians trace their descent to Pocahontas, through Thomas Rolfe.

It would be a grave injustice, however, to allow Rolfe's memory to be attached only to the Pocahontas romance. His work for the colony was not second in importance to that of any man. He performed the apparently miraculous task, not only of making Virginia pay, but of finding in those tide-water swamps a source of wealth greater than any gold-mine.

This was tobacco, and around the question of tobacco hangs all the later history of Virginia.

Tobacco was first made known to Europe by the Spaniards. Lane, governor of the first permanent colony, at Roanoke, was the first Englishman to use the weed. When he was rescued by Drake, it was in Drake's ship that the first supply was brought to England in 1588.

The tobacco habit spread rapidly, especially in the English court, where Raleigh set the fashion. Pope Urban VIII issued a Bull against it, James I published his famous "Counterblast against Tobacco."

These attacks were all in vain. In Spain, in England and in Holland, the demand for tobacco grew apace. Spain found in her West Indian and Central American possessions a new source of

wealth. England was not so favored, for the crude tobacco brought from Virginia as prepared by the Indians was little esteemed because of its bitter pungency.

Rolfe, realizing that good tobacco sold in England for twelve shillings (equal to about $11 now) per pound, set to work to improve the character of Virginia tobacco. He planted his first field in 1612, and spent much time in experiments as to the best method of curing the leaf. In 1616, a consignment from his plantation was sold at a price not much lower than that of good Spanish tobacco. That sale clinched the English colonization of Virginia, and determined the lines along which it should develop.

Dale, despite his esteem for Rolfe, did not look kindly on tobacco. He regarded smoking as a passing fad, and, fearing lest food-supplies should diminish, he ordered that no farmer should set out this crop until he had put two-thirds of his land in corn. This prohibition did not extend to the large tracts of land owned by knights and gentlemen. Such took to tobacco-planting extensively.

In the treaty made with Powhatan at the time of Pocahontas' marriage, Dale had provided that the natives should be relieved from any further exactions on the condition of a tax of two and a half bushels of corn per Indian. As this demand was not excessive, it secured peace for eight years, and allowed the extension of the tobacco plantations.

Upon Dale's departure, which coincided with the sale of Rolfe's well-cured tobacco at a high price, every farmer and laborer turned his corn land into the new crop. Yeardley, the new deputy governor, allowed and even encouraged the change. In the spring of 1617 the market-place of Jamestown, and even the borders of the streets, were set with tobacco.

In London, the Company was beset with internal troubles. Two antagonistic parties developed. One was the Court Party, headed by the Earl of Warwick, which was in favor of martial law and Dale's slave-driving policy; the other was the Country Party, headed by Sir Thomas Smythe and Sir Edwin Sandys, which demanded a new charter and the establishment of all settlers as free citizens.

The Country Party won the day, and the Third Charter—though severely attacked in Parliament—became effective November 30, 1616. Argall was appointed to succeed Yeardley, with instructions to abolish Dale's martial laws, to give fifty acres to every settler, and to remove all restrictions against visiting England.

Argall had always been headstrong and unscrupulous, vices which had not brought him into any trouble when subordinate to men of authority like De La Warr, Gates or Dale, but which proved his bane when at last he was given power. He ignored the instructions, continued the slavery system, used his office for extortion and denied

to others the rights to tobacco-planting which he seized for himself.

After Argall had been in control for a year, the Company sent Lord De La Warr to arrest him and to reassume charge of the colony. Touching at the Azores on the way, Lord De La Warr and thirty of his companions fell sick and died so strangely that the Spaniards were commonly supposed to have poisoned them. The ship reached Jamestown and the order for arrest fell into Argall's hands. As no other Deputy Governor had been appointed, however, he continued in power for nearly a year more.

Then Romance shifted her seat from Virginia to London.

The young son of Sir Thomas Smythe, head of the Country Party in the Virginia Company, fell desperately in love with Lady Isabella Rich, sister of the Earl of Warwick. The old merchant explosively refused his consent to his son's marriage. A dramatic elopement was succeeded by a private wedding, at which the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke and the Countess of Bedford were present.

This elopement wrought great changes in Virginia. The Earl of Warwick, furious that a merchant should dare to oppose Lady Rich's marriage, temporarily deserted the Court Party and threw his influence with one of the wings of the Country Party which was dissatisfied with Smythe's leadership. Smythe was thrown out of

office and Sir Edwin Sandys—famous for his defiance of James I—was made Treasurer.

The results in the colony were immediate. Yeardley was appointed Governor, to succeed Lord De La Warr, and he was sent post-haste to arrest Argall. The latter fled from Virgina before Yeardley's arrival and made good his excuses to the Company. As an opponent of Sandys, whom the King detested, he was even knighted.

Sandys loved liberty as much as he hated the King. He was one of the many Englishmen of that time who resented the would-be autocracy of the Stuarts, and who stood fast to the Constitution. It is to be remembered that the liberties won by the English colonies in America came from the English people, not from the Crown.

Yeardley brought with him explicit instructions for the convening of a General Assembly, which came to be known as the "House of Burgesses." It continued without interruption until 1776 and was the first local legislative government in America. Its power was not absolute, for its acts were not valid until approved by the Company, in London; on the other hand, acts initiated by the Company had no force unless approved by the House of Burgesses.

James I disliked Smythe, hated Sandys and willingly accepted the Spanish ambassador's description of the House of Burgesses as "a seminary of sedition." In 1620, he sent messengers to the annual meeting of the Company forbidding the re-

election of Sandys. The Company flatly denied the King's right to interfere, but Sandys feared that an open break might lose to Virginia all that had been gained and withdrew his name. The Earl of Southampton, known to be fully in agreement with Sandys' policy, was elected.

Parliament was summoned in 1621, several of its members being stockholders in the Virginia Company. The parliament refused to do what James I demanded, impeached the Lord Chancellor for bribery and vigorously denounced the royal efforts to catch a royal bride.

The King told Parliament to mind its own business. The Commons replied "that their privileges were not the gift of the Crown, but the natural birthright of English subjects, and that matters of public interest were within their province." The enraged monarch dissolved Parliament in January, 1622, sent Southampton, Pym and others to prison, and thus sowed the seeds of that revolt against the Stuart kings which was to cost Charles I his head.

Next year, friends of the King laid before the Privy Council a terrible indictment of affairs in Virginia. They declared that Jamestown was a pest-hole, that hundreds of English subjects were held in partial slavery, that the houses were flimsy and unsanitary, that the food-supply was precarious and that no signs of gold or silver had been found. Most of this was true, but the statements were exaggerated by rancor and malice.

A Royal Commission of Investigation was sent to Virginia, the commissioners including Argall, the bitterest enemy of Sandys. Its report was scathing. In October, 1623, the Privy Council recommended that the Company's charter be canceled and that the King should resume personal control of Virginia. The Company appealed to Parliament, in vain. On June 10, 1624, the Lord Chief Justice declared the Virginia Charter null and void.

The King proceeded to draw up an entirely new plan of government for Virginia, abolishing the House of Burgesses, but, before this could be put into effect, death put an end to his scheming. None the less, the deed was done. The Company was extinct. Virginia had become a Crown Colony.

Charles I was no fonder of representative government than was his father, but he needed money, and the royal tax on the Virginia tobacco crop had become important. He did not want to kill a goose which laid such golden eggs. He sent Yeardley as Royal Governor, thus pleasing Sandys and the colonists, and addressed the colonial parliament as "Our trusty and well-beloved Burgesses of the Grand Assembly of Virginia," thus officially recognizing representative government in the colony.

Tobacco had become the commercial backbone of Virginia, tobacco caused the party strife in the Company, tobacco was the bait which Charles I

swallowed when he accepted the House of Burgesses. It was no wonder. In 1622 sixty thousand pounds of tobacco were exported, worth a quarter of a million dollars of modern money. Such exports reveal a very different state of affairs from that prior to 1616, when the settlers were unable to raise enough food to feed themselves.

The success of the tobacco crop was made possible by the importation of "servants," better described as indentured plantation hands. These were drawn from all ranks of society, but were mainly "beggars and vagabonds." This phrase, however, conveys a false impression. It meant, simply, the unemployed, such as soldiers and sailors released by the ending of the war, farmers who had lost their farms, agricultural and industrial laborers out of work.

The severity of the laws against them, however, proves that they were regarded as a menace. Any man or woman found wandering on the highway was to be seized, stripped naked to the waist, "and openly whipped until his or her body were bloody." Imprisonment or exile was awarded for a second offense. All such could be—and often were—indentured as "servants" in Virginia. Convicted criminals had the choice of hard labor or emigration. Waifs and strays in the city streets were bound out as "apprentices." Thus was labor secured on the tobacco plantations.

There was, however, a brighter side to the pic-

ture. Indentures varied both as to length and conditions of service. Volunteers served only two years. Hardened criminals might serve seven years, or even ten. In general, indentures were for five years. At the end of that period the "servant" became free, and received clothing, food and tools to the value of ten pounds sterling (now about $250). Land could be got on very easy terms. Workers who survived the toil and the climate might be reasonably sure of becoming their own masters, a hope which life in England could not hold out to them.

Fairer cargoes than these, too, had come to Virginia. The year 1619, which saw the establishment of the House of Burgesses, witnessed also the trans-shipment of young English girls for wives. Ninety would-be brides arrived in that year, and many more in the years following.

These "Sandys maids," as they were known, might be chosen by any settler who could pay the cost of their transportation, estimated at 120 pounds of tobacco (a fluctuating figure, between $600 and $900 in the values of to-day). The girls were under contract to marry, and could not refuse to do so, but, as there were many suitors for each, the maids had plenty of choice. The system worked admirably, though, in that unhealthful climate, the young wives died fast.

The onward progress of the colony was checked by the Indian massacre of 1622. The attack was most unexpected. Powhatan had died in 1618 and

his brother Opechancanough became war-chief of the confederacy. In 1621, the new leader prepared a widespread plot against the English. Yeardley learned of it, fortified the plantation and sent a threat that the slightest hostile move would be answered by swift and sweeping vengeance.

That year, however, Yeardley was succeeded by Sir Francis Wyatt. In March, 1622, a young Indian called Nemmattanow, but better known as "Jack-o'-the-Feather," slew a white man and was himself slain. Wyatt feared trouble, but Opechancanough was treacherously polite and declared that "he held the peace so firm that the sky should fall before he broke it."

The story of the massacre was written by John Smith.

"On the Friday morning, that fatal day, being the two-and-twentieth of March," he wrote, "as also in the evening before, as at other times the Indians came unarmed into our houses, with deer, wild turkeys, fish, fruits and other provisions to sell us. Yea, in some places they sat down at breakfast with our people, who, immediately, with their own tools they slew most barbarously, not sparing either age or sex, man, woman or child; so sudden was their execution that few or none discerned the weapon or the blow that brought them to destruction.

"In which manner, also, they slew many of our people at their several works in the fields, well knowing in what places and quarters each of our

men were, in regard of their familiarity with us, which we permitted for the effecting of that great masterpiece of work, their conversion. By this means fell that fatal morning 347 men, women and children, mostly by their own weapons. Not being content with their lives, the Indians fell again upon the dead bodies, making as well as they could a fresh murder, defacing, dragging and mangling their dead carcasses into many pieces, and carrying some parts away in derision, with base and brutish triumph."

The wholesale extermination of the English had been the purpose of Opechancanough, and, but for the betrayal of his plan by one Indian, there would not have been a white man alive in Virginia by sunset of that day.

Shortly before midnight, the brother of a friendly Indian who was employed by a settler named Pace brought his fellow-tribesman the orders of the chief, telling him the hour at which Pace should be slain. When his brother had gone, the friendly Indian awakened his master and betrayed the plot. Pace leaped from his bed, rowed across the river to Jamestown, reaching there just before dawn, and gave the alarm. Wyatt instantly sent couriers to the plantations in every direction and thereby saved thousands of lives.

Opechancanough had done badly in stirring up the English. The shape of the colony, long and narrow (from Hampton Roads to Richmond and for many miles up the York River), made it open

to Indian attack. But it also afforded a strong base from which to punish.

The settlers began a ruthless and terrible revenge. They slew and they hunted, they hunted and they slew. They wiped out every Indian village in the vicinity. They pursued the redskins with the ferocity of wild beasts. By the time the colonists abandoned the blood-chase, Opechancanough was left with but a sorry remnant of his people.

This vengeful punishment served its purpose. Not an Indian arrow was loosed at a white man in the colony for more than twenty years.

Despite the massacre, Virginia had thriven during those decisive years between 1619 and 1625. Tobacco plantations were numerous. Much capital had been invested. Labor was plentiful. Sandys' maids made excellent wives and social life had begun. Churches were solidly established at a dozen points. Schools were organized in 1621. In 1622 a College (now known as William and Mary College) was on the point of being founded when George Thorpe, sent out to be its first president, was slain in the Opechancanough massacre.

Yet a black pall hung over all—the pall of pestilence. Tide-water Virginia, fertile and luxuriant, was a breeding-spot of disease. Even those who survived were racked by the "shivering ague," and six months of "chills and fever" were the annual portion of every settler.

And they who survived were few. The records show that, between the years 1606 and 1625, some 5645 emigrants left England for Virginia. Of these, only 1095 persons (1232 and 1227 in other accounts) were left alive in the spring of 1625. Eighty-eight persons out of every hundred had perished from disease or starvation or had been killed by Indians.

Viewed in the light of later history, these deaths were involuntary martyrdoms in a glorious cause. The early settlers established the English in Virginia, carved out a wealth-bearing colony from a fetid swamp, established the first representative assembly on American soil, and rooted firmly in the New World that desire for a just freedom which is the chief heritage of the English-speaking race.

CHAPTER VI

THE KENT ISLAND FIGHT

The success of Virgina brought rivalry, and when the tobacco crop proved to Englishmen that there was a chance of making money over-seas, an enormous impetus was given to colonization. One of the new ventures was the founding of Maryland, the interests of which clashed with Virginia and led to fighting along the border.

Virginia began as an Elizabethan adventure under the urging of Raleigh, continued as a trading post in the hands of a joint-stock company, and became a Royal Colony as soon as the tobacco crop ensured a handsome profit. Maryland began as a feudal state. It owed its origin solely to the desire of Lord Baltimore to found a Roman Catholic colony for Englishmen.

George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, son of a Yorkshire farmer, was born in 1580. He was a scholar and a writer and his open support of the project of James I to marry his son Charles to a Spanish princess won him the favor of the King. In 1619 he was appointed Secretary of State with the arrangement of the marriage as his chief task. His religious position was that of an outward

conforming to the Church of England with a strong leaning toward Roman Catholicism.

Lord Baltimore had been interested in the colonization of America from the very start. He had been a member of the Virginia Company since 1609. Being an appointee of the King, he sided with the Court Party against Smythe, Sandys and Southampton. He was shrewd enough to see that the Sandys Party was in the ascendant and would never agree to his feudal plans, nor show favor to Roman Catholics.

There was need for such a colony. The laws of England against Roman Catholics were unbelievably strict, but, like all excessive laws, they had brought about their own neglect. Roman Catholics were forbidden to become lawyers or teachers, they must attend English Church services or pay ruinous fines, failing which they were banished. Two-thirds of their lands might be confiscated. All priests were to be hunted out of the country and some who did not go were drawn and quartered. Every suspected man was compelled to take the Oath of Supremacy, which stated that the King was the Head of the Church and denied that the Pope had power over English subjects.

Laws of so drastic a character are rarely made for religious reasons only, but are generally associated with a suspicion of treason. It was so in this case.

During the reign of Elizabeth, Roman Catho-

lics were suspected because the Pope had excommunicated the Queen, and because the war with Spain was a religious war. None the less, the Roman Catholics of England showed no lack of patriotism.

During the reigns of the first two Stuart kings, Parliament suspected the Roman Catholics of making treacherous advances to Spain. The Spanish marriage project of James I heightened this suspicion. The English people did not want a Roman Catholic king on the throne.

There were, therefore, both the laws and the force of public opinion to make life in England unpleasant for the Roman Catholics, and America appeared to offer a haven of refuge. Virginia would not serve, for it was rigid in its adherence to the English Church. Another colony must be found.

In 1620 Lord Baltimore secured a grant for the southern peninsula of Newfoundland, and, the following year, he sent thither one ship with a few colonists and some supplies. In March, 1623, he received a royal charter for this region, to which he gave the name of Avalon. Next year, he resigned his office as Secretary of State on the ground that he had become a Roman Catholic, and immediately after was elevated to the peerage. James I died a few days after the gift of a title to his favorite on whom he had already bestowed a vast Irish estate near Cape Clear. From a village on this estate came the name "Baltimore."

The plans for the Roman Catholic colony pushed forward. In 1627, Lord Baltimore went to Newfoundland with Lady Baltimore and his children. But he was bitterly disappointed in his venture. It was not always summer in Avalon. In 1629, he wrote to Charles I, who had remained his warm friend, as follows:

"I have met with difficulties and encumbrances here in this place which are no longer to be resisted, but enforce me presently to quit my residence and to shift to some other warmer climate of the New World, where the winters be shorter and less rigorous.

"For here Your Majesty may please to understand that I have found—by too dear-bought experience . . . that from the middle of October to the middle of May there is a sad fare of winter upon all this land; both sea and land being frozen for the greater part of the time as they are not penetrable, nor plant or vegetable appearing out of the earth until the beginning of May, nor fish in the sea; beside, the air is so intolerable cold as is hardly to be endured. By means whereof, and of much salt meat, my house hath been a hospital all this winter; of a hundred persons, fifty sick at a time, myself being one, and nine or ten of them have died. . . .

"To further, the best I may, the enlarging of Your Majesty's empire in this part of the world, I am determined to commit this place to fishermen that are able to encounter storms and hard

weather, and to remove myself with some forty persons to Your Majesty's dominion, Virginia; where, if Your Majesty will please to grant me a precinct of land, with such privileges as the King your father was pleased to grant me here, I shall endeavor to the utmost of my power to deserve it."

Before an answer to this letter could be received, Lord Baltimore sailed for Virginia, arriving in Jamestown on October 1, 1629, where he found the House of Burgesses in session.

There had been changes in officials in Virginia, during the preceding four years, but no alterations in policy. Yeardley, Harvey and West had been governors in succession. During a period when West had been called to England by business, and Harvey had not yet arrived, Dr. John Pott had acted as Deputy Governor.

Pott was one of the queer types of brilliant but unsuccessful men who found their way to the colonies. He was a learned man and an excellent physician, but he was over-fond of liquor and none too scrupulous. When Harvey arrived, he was compelled to arrest the Acting Governor for pardoning a convicted murderer, and for stealing cattle, himself.

There was no doubt as to Pott's guilt. Harvey, instead of proceeding to extreme measures, ordered the ex-official to be confined to his house, and wrote to Charles I for instructions, pointing out that Pott was the ablest doctor in the colony, and

urging a royal pardon. This was granted and the convivial doctor resumed his practice.

Dr. Pott was still Acting Governor when Lord Baltimore sailed up the James River. The nobleman's reception was as frosty as the Newfoundland shores he had left. Pott was frankly hostile and rude. The Virginians were staunch English Churchmen, and they looked with suspicion on Roman Catholics. They stood for the Constitution, and Lord Baltimore had been a favorite of the King.

The House of Burgesses wanted to get rid of this unwelcome visitor as quickly as possible. They had a very easy device all ready to their hands. This was the Oath of Supremacy, which no Roman Catholic was willing to take.

Lord Baltimore proposed a substitute form of declaration. The House of Burgesses refused to accept it, and ordered the nobleman to leave the colony. He remained until the spring, however, and sailed to England soon after Harvey's arrival. Thus Virginia lost one of the ablest men who had stepped on her shores, but Virginia's loss was America's gain.

When he landed in England, Lord Baltimore found that the territory he coveted, from Florida to Roanoke, had already been granted on October 30, 1629, to Sir Robert Heath, under the name of "Carolina." He petitioned, therefore for the land between Roanoke and the James River, but the Virginians, headed by Claiborne and West,

protested so strongly that the grant was denied.

Lord Baltimore, however, was determined to have a colony of his own and he held an order from Charles I for "any part of Virginia not already granted." After two years of incessant effort he received a patent for the territory between the southern bank of the Potomac River and 40° (the latitude of Philadelphia). This was first called by the King "Mariana," after Queen Henrietta Maria, but the name was later changed by him to "Maryland."

The Virginians rose in wrath. Only the year before William Claiborne had planted a small plantation on Kent Island, and this plantation was represented in the House of Burgesses by a delegate. Kent Island was fifty miles north of the southern border of the territory granted to Lord Baltimore. The Jamestown men insisted that, by the old charter—which had been annulled—Kent Island was in their territory and that the frontier of Maryland was an invasion on their rights.

The King referred the question to the Royal Commissioners for Foreign Plantations. On July 3, 1633, the Commissioner confirmed Lord Baltimore's grant, since the annulment of the old charter left the King free to dispose of unoccupied territory as he wished. Kent Island was declared to be a trading post, not a plantation, but Lord Baltimore was restrained from interfering with Claiborne's settlement or his trade.

Claiborne left London, breathing defiance of the King, the Royal Commissioners and Lord Baltimore, and frankly avowing that "he would fight for Kent Island with the last drop of his blood!"

The Maryland grant, as finally approved, was made out to Cecelius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore. The first Lord Baltimore had died while negotiations were in progress, without knowing whether his long-desired aim would be achieved.

The Maryland government was of a curious pattern. It was a palatinate, an ancient kind of minor kingdom situated on frontiers and possessing both military independence and the right to make its own laws. James I had given Avalon to the first Lord Baltimore as a palatinate, because Newfoundland was claimed by the French, and Avalon was a frontier state. Charles I gave Maryland to the second Lord Baltimore as a palatinate, because its territory ran north to what is now New Jersey and Pennsylvania, then held by the Dutch, thus making Maryland a frontier state. Carolina began on the same pattern, because it was a frontier state to the Spanish in Florida.

Lord Baltimore, indeed, was King of Maryland in all save the name. He could issue laws without calling the Assembly, and no laws were valid without his signature. He could coin money, grant titles of nobility, create courts, appoint judges and pardon criminals. Taxation was in his hands, not in that of the English Crown.

It was the earnest intention of the second Lord Baltimore personally to lead his colonists to Maryland, even as his father had led a party to Newfoundland. He did not dare do so. His enemies were too numerous and too powerful. The Virginians held his grant unlawful, the English Church party opposed the granting of favors to Roman Catholics, the Puritans cried out against the establishment of "papistry" in America, and Parliament regarded the palatinate as unconstitutional. Lord Baltimore was compelled to stay at home to steer his colony through these troubled political waters.

Fortunately for Maryland, the Lord Proprietor had an excellent man available for Governor. This was his brother, Leonard Calvert, through whom he was able to establish the principle of religious toleration for which Maryland is famous. The colony was definitely Roman Catholic in leadership, but Lord Baltimore commanded most emphatically that no cause of offense should be given to any Protestant and specified "all acts of Roman Catholic religion to be done as privately as may be . . . all Roman Catholics to be silent upon all occasions of discourse concerning matters of religion."

In October, 1633, two ships, the *Ark* and the *Dove,* sailed from London. The emigrants consisted of 20 gentlemen adventurers, who, with the governor and the two councilors, were Roman

Catholics, and of 300 artisans and laborers, of whom the larger number were Protestants.

The sailing of the *Ark* and the *Dove* gave rise to the wildest rumors. Hot-heads and Puritans declared that Calvert was sailing for America under a secret agreement between Charles I and Spain; the Virginians alleged that the purpose was to set up a Roman Catholic colony in which Spaniards would be welcomed and which was to serve as a base for the capture of Virginia. Such rumors alarmed the public. A Star Chamber writ of seizure was secured and Admiral Pennington, commanding the Channel fleet, stopped Calvert's ships at Dover.

The scare came to nothing. The emigrants took the Oath of Supremacy without the slightest outward objection. The papers of the expedition were in perfect order. The grant could not be questioned. Governor Calvert bore a personal letter from Charles I to Governor Harvey of Virginia. The ships started again on November 22, 1633, took the lengthy West Indies route and reached Old Point Comfort on February 27, 1634.

The royal letter ensured a courteous official reception at Jamestown, though the Virginians had little love for the Maryland settlers. Cattle, hogs and poultry were purchased and the *Ark* and the *Dove* passed on to the shores of the Potomac River. On March 23, 1634, the settlers landed at St. Clement's Island and one of the Jesuit priests celebrated there the first mass said in English

America. As it was punishable with death to celebrate mass on English soil, this action was significant.

Many historians assert that Lord Baltimore had a secret understanding with Charles I. It is more probable that he and Calvert were shrewd enough to see what would be gained by strict impartiality. The only two troubles of a religious character were made by Roman Catholics and the Roman Catholic Governor punished the offenders. Church property paid taxes. The priests did marvelous missionary work among the Indians and converted most of the Protestants who immigrated. But any effort on the part of the Jesuits to interfere with secular matters was sternly put down, and the special privileges they had arrogated to themselves were taken away.

Maryland flourished from the start. The first settlement, which was named St. Mary's, was on the George River, nine miles from its junction with the Potomac. Its site was chosen as wisely as that of Jamestown was selected unwisely. The place was already occupied by a Yacomoco Indian village, surrounded by corn-fields.

Calvert bought all the huts and all the cleared land, giving knives, axes, hoes and cloth in return and paying fairly for value received. Also, he hired many of the Indians, some as laborers, some as hunters, others as fishers. These, too, were honorably paid. The Maryland settlers thus became the protectors and benefactors of the In-

dians, whereas the Virginia settlers had been invaders and foes.

The immediate result of this Indian friendliness was that, in the very first year, the colonists of St. Mary's harvested so large a crop of corn that they had a ship-load to spare. This they sent to New England to trade for salt fish and other provision. They could also trade with Virginia for supplies. Prosperity was immediate and high-grade colonists volunteered.

Maryland, it is to be remembered, was a palatinate, and Lord Baltimore's plans were feudal. He created "manors," which were lordships on a small scale. But the actual conditions of life in America prevented the building up of an aristocracy. The tobacco plantations were large and far apart. Industrious "servants" became freedmen, and mechanics soon earned enough to become land-owners. The Assembly developed along democratic lines, while keeping to the outward form of the palatinate.

In spite of Maryland's prosperity, trouble was in the air. Claiborne was still breathing revenge. The Kent Island sore still rankled. Maryland and Virginia hung on the verge of war.

When Governor Calvert landed at Jamestown with the *Ark* and the *Dove,* in February, 1634, one of his first acts was to notify Claiborne to abandon his claim to Kent Island. Claiborne refused. The House of Burgesses supported him. Then Governor Harvey of Virginia who was a

Royal Governor and therefore an appointee of the King, opposed the House of Burgesses, dismissed Claiborne from office and appointed a friend of Lord Baltimore in his stead. This enraged the Virginians against their own Governor.

Calvert, who was under rigid instruction to keep the peace, sailed north without further threats. He ignored Kent Island, and gave his time to the development of his colony.

Claiborne, however, had other enemies besides the Marylanders. As the Royal Commissioners had pointed out, Kent Island was not a plantation but a trading post, and Claiborne was in partnership with some London merchants who had procured for him a royal license to trade in furs and to establish trading posts in any unoccupied part of North America. This was not a monopoly. There was a rival fur trading company in London, which had engaged Captain Fleet to go to Virginia for the purpose of ousting Claiborne and taking the entire fur trade for itself.

Fleet started a rumor that Claiborne was inflaming the Indians to attack the Marylanders. According to this version, Claiborne had informed the Indians that the men of the Calvert colony were "papist Spaniards, not Protestant Englishmen" and therefore enemies to the Virginians and their Indian allies.

There was neither proof nor likelihood that Claiborne had started any such dangerous proceeding, but the fur company which sought the

Virginian's downfall saw to it that the rumor reached the ears of Lord Baltimore in London. Accordingly, the Lord Proprietor prepared an order to Governor Calvert, instructing him to go to Kent Island and arrest Claiborne.

The opposing company of fur merchants promptly petitioned the King, pointing out that royal orders had been issued enjoining peace between Virginia and Maryland. Charles I immediately warned Lord Baltimore from "interrupting the people of Kent Island in their fur trade or plantation."

Fleet's men, supported by the Marylanders, and Claiborne's men, backed by the Virginians, lived in a continual feud. Each month that passed saw Maryland and Virginia more embittered with each other. Early in April, 1635, one of Claiborne's ships was captured by Fleet in what were claimed to be Maryland waters and the ship and cargo were confiscated.

So far, Claiborne had refrained from open warfare, but this was too much. With a handful of men he determined to invade Maryland, hoping to lead Virginia to follow him into war. He sent an armed sloop, the *Cockatrice* with instructions to destroy all such Maryland shipping as she could find.

Calvert was not to be caught napping. He knew Claiborne's pugnacious character and expected just such an action. Accordingly, the very day after the confiscation of Claiborne's ship, he

sent two armed pinnaces to guard his outlying plantations. The pinnaces met the *Cockatrice* in the Pocomoke River. Claiborne's men opened fire and a brisk fight occurred, in which the *Cockatrice* was captured, with six men killed and many wounded.

The seizure of the *Cockatrice* enraged Virginia. An indignation meeting was held at Jamestown, the principal speaker being Nicholas Martain, an ancestor of George Washington. Resolutions were passed to call a meeting of the House of Burgesses to receive complaints against Governor Harvey, for treason to the colony in the Kent Island affair and for other causes, beside.

Next morning, Martain and other popular leaders were arrested. When they demanded the cause of their arrest, Governor Harvey replied that "they should find out at the gallows."

Two days later, the Council met. Harvey demanded that Martain and the other prisoners should be put to death under martial law. The Council refused, insisting that the laws of Virginia guaranteed to every man a fair trial. The Governor promptly arrested one of the councillors "on suspicion of treason." Two other of the councillors seized the Governor on the same charge. Armed patriots were in waiting. Harvey was seized, escorted to his house and held there a prisoner. On May 7, the House of Burgesses approved the acts of the Council.

Meantime, Claiborne was fighting his own bat-

tles. After a couple of little skirmishes, in which he got the best of it, he came out in force against Governor Calvert, an island trading post against a large colony. The two fleets of small craft met in the harbor of Great Wighcocomoco and action was joined at once. Claiborne, after several hours of fighting, defeated the Marylanders with considerable loss of life.

Although Claiborne had showed his ability to take care of himself, Virginia had got herself into trouble by her partisanship. Such a radical action as dismissing a Royal Governor could not be expected to please the King who had appointed him. Charles I was furious with the House of Burgesses and restored Harvey to his post.

There was, however, a third complication in the Kent Island affair. Claiborne had secured his revenge, Virginia had been humbled by Charles I, but the London merchants, who cared only for furs, saw their profits vanishing and decided to abandon Claiborne. In December, 1636, they sent George Evelin as their agent to Kent Island. Evelin at first showed friendship to Claiborne, but when that fighter refused to listen to the London merchants and could think and talk of nothing but his personal grievances against the Marylanders, the new agent displayed his papers and claimed ownership of all Claiborne's stock in the company, without compensation.

Claiborne, who could never be blamed for lack of daring, called together such of his men as were

faithful to him and sailed away. Apparently with the deliberate intention of annoying the Marylanders, he established another trading post in his enemies' territory, on Palmer Island, at the mouth of the Susquehanna River. After taking possession of this place—to which he could claim no right whatever—he sailed for England.

On Claiborne's departure, Evelin, acting for the London merchants, urged the Kent Islanders to abandon their leaders and to accept the protection of Lord Baltimore, whereby they would better themselves. As all the men at the post were Virginians, and regarded themselves as an advance garrison, they scorned this treacherous advice.

Upon this refusal, Evelin sent a message to Governor Calvert, urging him to come and take the island by force. The governor was unwilling to do so. But Evelin clearly let it be seen that Calvert's hesitation might be regarded by Lord Baltimore as weakness, and the governor of Maryland agreed to the seizure. In February, 1638, he landed a small force by night and reduced the island to submission.

The month following, the Maryland Assembly declared Claiborne a rebel and ordered that all his property be confiscated. Captain Thomas Smith, who had been in command of Claiborne's fleet at the battle of Great Wighcocomoco, was arrested, tried for piracy and murder, and hanged. This injustice is a sore blot on Calvert's reputation.

Virginia prepared for war. Calvert had been forbidden by the King to interfere with the trading rights of Kent Island. Protestant Virginians had been stripped of their rights and their property by Roman Catholic Marylanders. Civil strife would have begun at once if it had not been for the royalist governor of Virginia, who was a friend of the Marylanders, and who insisted that war should not be made without a royal order. This added to the hatred with which he was regarded, but Harvey stood firm.

On April 6, 1638, the Royal Commissioners assigned Kent Island to Maryland and left the question of personal compensation to be decided by the courts. Claiborne returned to Virginia and began suit to recover his property, but the courts of Maryland declared that they could not receive a case brought by "a declared rebel." Thus Kent Island and Palmer Island remained in the hands of Lord Baltimore, and Claiborne and his partners got nothing.

Even so, there was a chance that the fighter of Kent Island would enforce his rights by bringing the power of Virginia to bear. Again Governor Harvey checked the popular move. He issued a proclamation, accepting Virginia's loss of the disputed spot. This aroused so tremendous a storm against the governor that even the King was compelled to act. Wyatt was sent to depose Harvey, the ex-Governor's property was seized to satisfy his numerous creditors and he was sent home in

disgrace. Wyatt stayed but two years, when he gave place to Sir William Berkeley, with whose name the second phase of Virginia's history is inseparably connected.

Such was the general feeling of mutual hatred between Virginia and Maryland, when civil war broke out in England between King and Parliament. This civil war ended in the victory of the Puritans, the beheading of Charles I, and the establishment of the Commonwealth under Oliver Cromwell.

This revolution had an important influence on the American colonies, but Cromwell's power did not last long enough to alter the individual characters of such differing states as Virginia and Maryland. Both, however, had already drifted far from England; their Americanization had begun.

CHAPTER VII

THE GALLANTRY OF FRANCE

Romance and suffering marked the adventuring of the English on American shores. Not less striking were the adventures of the first French colonists and not less pitiful.

England's claim to North America was not unquestioned. Men of an equally gallant race also were ready to plant their country's flag on a distant shore, and were willing to agonize and die to keep it there. France's claim was fully as good as that of England and for centuries it was doubtful which of the two great powers would become the master of the continent.

The colonial policy of England was marked by a callous disregard of the rights of other nations. When Elizabeth gave North America to Raleigh, when James I gave continental Virginia to two trading companies, and when Charles I granted Carolina and Maryland to Sir Robert Heath and Lord Baltimore, the three monarchs bestowed land which was not theirs to give.

The Spanish right was a century earlier than that of England; the French right was half a century earlier. No effort was made by any of these

three nations to arbitrate each other's claims. The policy of grab prevailed universally. Each nation and each adventurer set out to seize what might be seized, and to maintain his holding either by force or trickery.

The claims of France were based on more pioneer work than that of England. The explorations of Verrazano might be offset by those of Cabot, but the French had acted upon their discoveries, while the English had not. French fishermen had long exploited the Newfoundland fisheries before English "admirals" bullied them into a partnership, and fur trading posts had been organized by the merchants of St. Malo.

It was on the work of Jacques Cartier, however, that the French claim rested most solidly. On his Second Voyage, in 1534–1535, more than fifty years before the first English landing at Roanoke, Cartier explored the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence, built a fort at Quebec, made friends with the Iroquois and remained a winter in the country. He thus led the way for the founding of New France.

Five years later, on January 15, 1540, Francis I of France granted to the Sieur de Roberval the viceroyalty of North America. Roberval was named "Lord of Norumbega, Viceroy and Lieutenant-General of Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay and Baccalaos." This territory extended from Massachusetts to the North Pole, but this was sup-

posed to be the extreme northeast corner of Asia. At that time, Florida was still regarded as an eastward projection of China.

Cartier, as Pilot-General for the King, was to aid Roberval in the establishment of the colony. Roberval bade him go in advance, promising to follow in a few weeks as soon as he had gathered supplies and men. Cartier set sail in May, 1541, and waited all summer for the coming of Roberval.

This delay was dangerous. Cartier had come without supplies for a long stay and yet was compelled to remain through the winter. The Indians showed signs of discontent. In the spring of 1542, Cartier set sail, rightly blaming Roberval for the winter's suffering and the deaths of many of his men.

In the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, he met Roberval, who had just arrived. There was a stormy scene between the two men. Cartier was too angry at Roberval's delay to be willing to turn back, and he refused, point blank, to obey the Viceroy's orders.

Cartier's resentment had been heightened by the account of a pitiful story which had been told him by one of Roberval's officers, just before his audience with the Viceroy. This was that tragic incident known to history as "The Romance of Marguerite."

Among the settlers on Roberval's flagship was his niece, Marguerite Roberval, twenty years of age and who had been brought up in comfort and

luxury. She was a Roman Catholic. There was also on board the ship a young Huguenot (Protestant) gentleman, of good family, though poor. The two young people fell in love, and despite the rigid discipline on the ship, Marguerite's old nurse contrived secret meetings for the lovers.

When Roberval learned of these meetings, he flamed with rage. That his niece should have fallen in love was bad enough, that she should have pledged herself without her uncle's permission was worse, but that the favored suitor should be a Protestant was beyond pardon.

The vessel, at this time, was within sight of a small island, greatly dreaded by fishermen. This was known as "The Isle of Fiends," for fishers reported that strange sounds were constantly to be heard coming from it.

Roberval ordered his captain to steer for the island and the flagship dropped her anchor there. He commanded that a small boat be put out. In this were placed Marguerite and her old nurse, with a few months' provisions, some guns and ammunition. The two women were set ashore and the boat rowed back to the ship.

Dusk was falling when these victims of Roberval's tyranny were marooned. The anchor of the flagship was raised. Just as the wind filled the vessel's sails and her bow turned again to the westward, there was a cry and a splash. The young Huguenot had leapt into the sea. Being a strong swimmer, he managed to make the land.

Before darkness blotted out the scene, the watchers on the flagship saw the young fellow reach the shore, throw one arm around his betrothed and brandish the other in defiance of Roberval and all his crew.

Upon the Isle of Fiends—later to be known as the Island of Marguerite—the summer passed pleasantly enough. The young husband was able to do some fishing from the beach, and the provisions held out well. Daily they looked for some passing fishing vessel, but autumn came and no rescuers had appeared. The provisions were almost exhausted.

Late in the autumn, Marguerite's little daughter was born, the first white girl born in what is now British America. The baby did not linger long, but died a few weeks later, since the starving mother could not nourish the child.

An Arctic winter piled up the beach with ice. No fish were to be caught. There was no hope of rescue, for all the fishers had gone home for the season. The little hut, built for the summer, afforded scant protection against the icy blasts. The old nurse succumbed to the rigors of the climate before Christmas.

The young husband starved himself in order that his bride might have what small store of provisions remained. While in this emaciated state, he shot at, but only wounded, a Polar bear. The infuriated animal turned on him, and, in the man's weak state, he was unable to defend himself. He

was killed and partly eaten, the bloody remains remaining on the beach for the wife to see.

Marguerite was left alone on the Isle of Fiends. Though harassed by superstitious fears and menaced by wild beasts, the desolate woman struggled on alone. She killed a few Arctic foxes, who had come over the ice, some seals and three polar bears and lived on their meat. For two long years she dragged out a precarious existence.

Then, as it chanced, the crew of a French fishing smack, driven out of its course by a gale, saw a woman on the dreaded island. Even so, her rescue was uncertain. The sailors mutinied at the captain's orders to land, declaring that a woman who was living on the Isle of Fiends could not have escaped being the wife of a demon, and must be a sorceress herself.

The captain of the fishing vessel was less superstitious. He forced his men to go, yielding to their fears only in promising that the woman would have to give a proper account of herself before he would take her on the vessel. Only by showing the bones of her dead husband and her baby was Marguerite able to free herself of the suspicion of witchcraft. The remains of the animals that she had killed proved that she had not subsisted on "demon food." The captain believed her story, and she reached France in safety at the last.

Meantime, the Sieur de Roberval, confident in the justice of his cruel sentence, sailed on to the

St. Lawrence. He dropped anchor at Cap Rouge and there made his first settlement. A huge building was erected, half barracks and half castle. All the settlers lived in it together.

The elaborate character of Cap Rouge Castle betrayed how little Roberval had foreseen the needs of pioneer life. There were store-chambers, without stores in them; millstones for grinding, but no grist; enormous ovens, and but small loaves of bread to bake. Wild roots boiled in whale-oil formed the principal food. Scurvy slew one-third of the settlers, and, lacking Cartier's aid, they did not know how to cure the dread disease.

The Lord of Norumbega was too self-important to make concessions to the hardships of pioneer life. The most prominent thing in the settlement was the whipping post, "by means of which," the historian of the expedition naïvely writes, "we lived in peace." The settlers were kept at hard labor on scanty food. The military rule was harsh, six soldiers being hanged in one day. "So many men and women were whipped or shot," writes the historian, "that the Indians, pagans though they be, wept at their woes."

The following spring, with half his men dead, Roberval went on to Quebec. He strengthened the fort and made some extensive explorations inland. The Indians were unfriendly, as Cartier had warned. Fearing that a second winter might annihilate the colony, Roberval abandoned all his projects and sailed for home.

So ended the first effort to found New France.

Further attempts at French colonization during the sixteenth century were prevented by the outbreak of civil war in France between the Catholics and the Huguenots (Protestants), also by the wars with Spain and Austria.

Admiral Coligny, indeed, made two ill-starred attempts to found Huguenot colonies on the River of May, but disaster and Spanish massacre ended both these. His assassination in 1572, on bloody St. Bartholomew's Eve, put a close to Huguenot colonization.

In 1589, Henry III of France died, and Henry of Navarre, the leader of the Protestants, claimed the throne. More than half of France refused to recognize him and the civil war continued. Henry of Navarre, or Henry IV, saw that it was hopeless for him to be accepted as king by the whole nation so long as he remained a Protestant. In 1593, he formally became a Roman Catholic, while remaining strongly Protestant in his sympathies.

Five years of fighting with enemies abroad and foes at home resulted in triumph. The Peace of Vervius was signed, ending the Spanish War, and on May 2, 1598, the famous Edict of Nantes was issued. This edict gave to the Protestants all the rights and liberties of which they had been deprived during the preceding reigns.

Peace promotes colonization. It releases capital, and throws into idleness numbers of adventurous men who need a new outlet for their vigor.

Just as the ending of the English war with Spain brought about the colonization of Virginia, so the ending of the French war with Spain sent colonists to New France.

Cartier's nephews, Jacques Noel and Etienne de la Jannaye, had succeeded to his rights on their uncle's death. But the religious wars had added rancor to the trade rivalry between competing ports. The ships of Cartier's nephews were attacked at sea and burned in port, by their trade rivals. Piracy was heightened by religious hate.

Noel and de la Jannaye had secured a renewal of their grant. But the merchants of St. Malo made so vigorous a protest at this fur and fishing monopoly and the times were so critical, that, in order to maintain peace, the King revoked the grant. Trading on the shores of Newfoundland and along the St. Lawrence continued on the basis of competitive piracy.

Between 1593, when Henry of Navarre became a Roman Catholic, and 1598 when the Edict of Nantes was signed, French colonization in America took on a new phase. The Marquis De la Roche, formerly page to Queen Catherine of Medici—an uncompromising Catholic—was appointed "Lieutenant-General of Acadia, Canada and the surrounding countries." The conditions of the grant made De la Roche a despot.

The territorial limits were vague. Canada—a Mohawk Indian word for "village"—meant the St. Lawrence Gulf and River as far inland as had

been explored. Acadia meant the coast as far south as "the northernmost limit of Florida," wherever that might be. The English settlement at Roanoke was entirely ignored. The "surrounding countries" was a phrase which left the whole question of territory wide open. Apparently De la Roche regarded Cape Cod as the southern limit of his grant.

Some time after receiving this commission (probably in 1598) De la Roche and his 60 colonists set out for Acadia in the *Catherine* and the *Françoise*. Many of his men were jail-birds. Mutiny soon showed its ugly head. A desperate effort was made to seize the ships and convert them into pirate craft. The mutiny was suppressed and the ringleaders put in irons, but De la Roche did not dare to carry these piratic exconvicts with him any further.

Reaching Sable Island, a small and nearly barren sand-bank off Nova Scotia, he set the 40 mutineers ashore. The island was without vegetation save for a little sparse grass and moss around a small brackish lake, and a few whortleberry and cranberry bushes in the swampy places.

With but 16 loyal colonists remaining (four had died on the voyage) De la Roche sailed on to Acadia, seeking a good site for a settlement. He found none that pleased him but at last decided to build a fort on the coast of Maine. Attempting to return to Sable Island to pick up the would-

be pirates, his ship was caught in a western gale and driven halfway across the ocean.

Being near home and the wind still favoring, De la Roche decided to return for more men and supplies. Immediately upon his landing, however, he was arrested and thrown into prison by the Duke de Mercœur, who claimed sovereign power in Brittany, and who held that Breton rights had been ignored in De la Roche's grant.

De la Roche appealed to the Rouen parliament, asking to be freed and to be allowed to take more men to Acadia. He was released on the condition that he make no further efforts at colonization. De la Roche submitted, only urging that a rescue expedition be sent to Sable Island. He had but little success, for the men of Rouen thought that death on a desert island was a sufficiently good ending for a pack of mutinous jail-birds. It was not until five years had passed that a rescue expedition was sent.

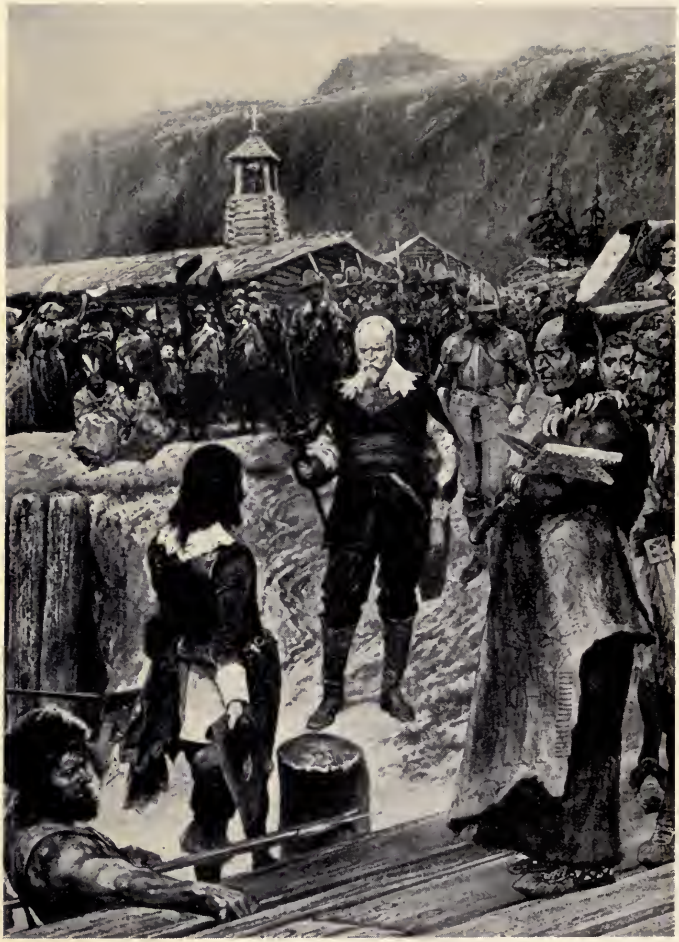
Of the forty mutineers who had been left on Sable Island, only seven remained alive. At first they had lived on a few scrawny cattle, the descendants of those left on the island by an expedition led by the Baron de Lery in 1518, of which expedition little definite information is known.

As their food diminished, the ex-convicts fought and killed each other, until, by the spring following, there remained but twenty of them. Realizing that their disunion only brought them greater suffering, they adopted communism—that last

Map showing the English and French settlements, the results of their warfare in Arcadia, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Maine.

Map made by Champlain in 1632.

THE FRENCH SETTLEMENTS IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE



THE SURRENDER OF THE SETTLEMENT OF QUEBEC IN 1629

The defeat of Admiral Roquemont by the English fleet under Admiral Kirke opened the way for an attack upon Quebec which resulted in the surrender of that post to the English.

refuge of the desperate. They kept themselves alive on dead fish thrown up on the beach and on seals which they were able to club. A sick whale, which stranded on the shore, gave them food for many months.

When, at last, they were rescued, they were in a pitiable state, having reached the condition of wild men. Henry IV ordered them brought before him, in the same state as they were found, and gave to each a sum of money and his freedom.

With De la Roche pledged to take no further action, the field was open. On November 22, 1599, François Gravé, Sieur du Pont (known to history as Pontgravé) took up the work, having associated with him Captain Pierre de Chauvin, formerly Governor of Honfleur. De Chauvin was a prominent ship-builder of St. Malo and had the confidence of the Guild of Merchants.

In the spring of 1600, de Chauvin, with four vessels, the *Don de Dieu,* the *Bon Espoir,* the *St. Jehan* and the *Espérance* sailed for Tadoussac, a famous Indian trading post at the mouth of the Saguenay River, thirty miles below Quebec. After a season's trading he left 16 men as the nucleus of a settlement. The provisions were insufficient and the men would have died of famine if the Montaignais (Adirondack) Indians had not helped them. De Chauvin made two more trading voyages, in 1601 and in 1602, but left no settlers. He fell ill on his third voyage and retired from the partnership, dying a year later.

Upon Pontgravé's urging the Sieur de Chastes, vice-admiral of Normandy and Governor of Dieppe took on de Chauvin's privileges. Dieppe was the map-making and nautical center of France. De Chastes was able to interest many wealthy ship-owners.

In the early part of the winter of 1602, the Company of New France was formed. This was a powerful body of lords and merchants from the three ports of St. Malo, Dieppe and Rouen. The piratic rivalry which ever smouldered between captains of these ports was quelled by the policy of making them partners in the scheme.

Shrewd as was this alliance and important as it was to America, still more decisive was the appointment of Captain Samuel de Champlain, a naval officer who had distinguished himself in the West Indies. De Chastes assigned him to the expedition, which was put under the command of Pontgravé. He was to prove the builder of New France.

They sailed from Honfleur on March 15, 1603, and reached Tadoussac two months' later. Thence Pontgravé and Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence, past the tenantless fortifications of Quebec —where France would have been solidly established seventy years before if Roberval had kept his word to Cartier—and reached the site of Mont Royal (Montreal). No vestige remained of the great Indian town, Hochelaga, where Cartier had been so lavishly entertained.

Continuing on their journey, they came to the Falls of St. Louis, a part of which Cartier had called the La Chine Rapids, in gloomy jest at finding the expected route to China barred by them. In spite of every effort, Champlain failed to pass these rapids. Winter was drawing near, and as this expedition had been sent to explore rather than to settle, the two pioneers returned to France to make their report.

When they reached Honfleur, it was to learn that de Chastes was dead. Pontgravé and Champlain sought a new backer and found him in the Sieur de Monts, Governor of Pons, who applied for a new grant for La Cadie or Acadia.

Recent exploration had more clearly defined the territory to be known as New France. De Monts' grant included the region between 40° and 46° (approximately the latitudes of Philadelphia and Montreal). This grant was attacked in the courts by the merchants of St. Malo, Rouen and Dieppe, but de Monts was skillful enough to satisfy every one by rebuilding de Chastes' old company. A complication arose in the fact that, though De Monts was a Protestant, as were several others in the venture, priests must accompany the expedition and the Indians must be baptized and brought up in the Roman Catholic faith.

De Monts and Champlain, with several prominent men and a small body of colonists, sailed from France on April 7, 1604. Meeting some independent fur traders from St. Malo in St. Mary's

Bay, de Monts confiscated both craft and cargoes, as interfering with his monopoly. For this piece of autocratic meddling, he was to pay dearly later.

The Bay of Fundy was thoroughly explored and finally the ships entered a peaceful stretch of water, with hills on every side, now known as Annapolis Harbor, in Nova Scotia. The site was well adapted for a small settlement, and the Baron of Poutrincourt, who was on board, asked De Monts for a patent to this land, offering a good sum. De Monts agreed, and the site was named Port Royal. The River St. John was explored for some little distance, and at last the ships cast anchor in Passamaquoddy Bay.

Since the expedition was in an unexplored country, with no knowledge whether or not the Indians would prove friendly, de Monts gave all his attention to finding a site which could be defended against any odds. A small islet, fenced round with rocks was selected for the winter settlement, and named St. Croix.

Poutrincourt sailed for France, to get men and supplies for his new colony of Port Royal. De Monts remained as the feudal lord of half a continent, with only 79 men at his back, Champlain among them.

No gallantry, however great, could conquer cold. Over bleak and desolate St. Croix the wind howled continually. The cider and the wine froze in the casks, and the daily rations were chopped off and thawed for drinking. Scurvy ravaged the

settlers. Of the 79 men, only 34 were alive in the spring.

On June 16, 1605, Pontgravé came with more supplies and 40 men. De Monts sailed southward, at once, to seek a less dreary site for the colony, leaving 12 men to guard St. Croix. He touched at Mt. Desert, Penobscot, Kennebec, Saco, Portsmouth Harbor, the Isle of Shoals, Cape Ann, Cape Cod and finally reached Nausett Harbor, which appealed to him most of all. There a shore party was attacked by Indians and one man killed. Deeming it unwise to found a colony in the teeth of Indian hostility, de Monts returned to St. Croix.

Silence awaited them. Of the 12 men who had been left to guard the Habitations of St. Croix, there was not a sign, nor were they ever seen again. Even the islet, evidently, was not safe from attack. Not a single place on the Maine or Massachusetts coast had pleased de Monts and he determined to go to Port Royal, although that site had been granted to Poutrincourt. The houses were pulled down, their timbers and material shipped across the Bay of Fundy, and eager hands set to work to build the first town of New France.

Scarcely two weeks had passed, however, when a small ship arrived, sent by Poutrincourt, warning de Monts that his enemies in France were working actively against him, and there was danger that his charter might be revoked. De Monts

sailed at once for France, leaving Pontgravé and Champlain in command.

This winter was as cold as the preceding one, but the site of Port Royal was sheltered. Champlain formed an alliance with the Indians, and through them learned of the properties of white pine bark as a cure for scurvy. As a result, deaths that winter were comparatively few.

De Monts arrived in France in time to save the charter, but his enemies were so numerous that he dared not leave the country. He persuaded Marc Lescarbot, lawyer and poet, to join the colonists, and Lescarbot proved a true leader.

For this next supply, the *Jonas* was equipped in Rochelle. Trouble resulted. That town was not only jealous of St. Malo, Dieppe and Rouen, but it was a strong Protestant center and objected strongly to the conversion of the Indians to the Roman Catholic faith. Two days before the date set for sailing, the *Jonas* was scuttled and sunk in Rochelle Harbor. With a great deal of trouble and expense the vessel was raised again, but the accident had caused delay. It was not until July 27, 1606, that the *Jonas* entered Port Royal basin.

One man, carrying a gun ran down to the beach and fired off his piece in greeting. A moment later one of the cannons of the fort boomed out a salute. Poutrincourt and Lescarbot landed, to find that their welcomers were the only two men at Port Royal.

Twelve days earlier, Pontgravé and Champlain had set out along the coast in two small boats that they had built, hoping to secure supplies from some fishing or trading schooner. Poutrincourt immediately sent a swift sailing shallop after them. Pontgravé and Champlain were found a few days later and returned joyously to Port Royal.

Pontgravé returned to France in the *Jonas*, leaving Lescarbot in charge of Port Royal, and advising Poutrincourt and Champlain to find a more southern site for a colony. Hyannis, on the southeastern shore of Massachusetts was carefully surveyed but not deemed entirely suitable.

At last they found what seemed a perfect site in Chatham Harbor. But a party of six men, who had been sent ashore for fresh water and who were camping for the night on the beach, was attacked by Indians. At the sound of the first shot, Poutrincourt and Champlain leaped from their bunks and, "in their night attire," says the historian, "pulled most valiantly to the beach in rescue of their comrades, firing their pieces as they went." It was a gallant deed, for rarely did the white men face the Indians, except in armor. Two men of the shore party were wounded by arrows, but not fatally. Chatham Harbor was abandoned.

On their return, the two leaders found Port Royal flourishing. Lescarbot was a wonderful leader. Agriculture was his hobby and he was himself an extraordinarily hard worker, in the

fields before dawn and after dark. He had burned the grass off the flats and had sown wheat, rye and barley, of which a good crop was harvested.

More important still, he had developed into a warm friendship the alliance with the Indians that had been begun by Champlain the preceding winter. Some of the natives, including Memberton, their chief, had been partly prepared for Catholic baptism, according to the requirements of the charter. The rite had not been solemnized, however, as the two priests had died.

It was here that arose one of the strangest and most picturesque developments of all the early colonizations of America—"The Order of Good Fare." It formed an extraordinary contrast to such a state of affairs as had developed among the English in "The Starving Time."

The plan had been devised by Lescarbot. In brief, it was a banqueting club, in which every member of the expedition was required to provide the food for one day. On that day, he was the Master of the Feast. There was a constant friendly rivalry as to which man would be the best host.

One of the Indian chiefs was generally present as an honored guest of the Frenchmen, and Lescarbot made it a rule that there should always be food for the lesser warriors, the squaws and the children. The grateful Indians repaid this hospitality by bringing in game and fish freely,

since they were always welcome to partake of the meal.

Lescarbot, rightly thinking that pomp and display would have a good effect upon the savages, conducted these dinners in that lonely frontier post with as much ceremony as though they were being given in a French château. The Master of the Feast for the day, though perhaps only a common sailor, wore a rich robe of velvet with a heavy gold chain around the neck.

Champlain organized festivities, with a good deal of music. The Indians, though generally so reticent with the white men, contributed songs and dances. There were friendly contests of skill. Owing to a mild winter, to good food, and to the happy spirit of the colony, only four men died in six months, the smallest death-rate recorded in the early settlements of America.

The spring of 1607 found the settlers of Port Royal in high spirits. A cargo of tar was nearly ready, which would fetch a high price in France. The fields were planted. Carpenters were building new houses. The settlement rang with the sounds of contented labor.

Suddenly there appeared a vessel from St. Malo, bringing disastrous news. The De Monts charter had been rescinded owing to the Roman Catholic influence of Queen Mary de Medici, the second wife of Henry IV of France. War had broken out between France and Holland, and Dutch vessels were raiding the post on the St.

Lawrence. Port Royal must be abandoned, at least until the Dutch war was over.

Lescarbot refused to go until he had harvested his crops. On August 27, 1607, the last of the white men sailed for France, to the dismay and grief of the friendly Indians. The most successful colony in America was abandoned in the full flush of its pride by reason of religious strife in the mother country.

De Monts was too powerful a man to be thrust aside so rudely. He secured a grant to trade in the St. Lawrence Valley. In April, 1608, he sent out an expedition of two ships under Pontgravé and Champlain. After a sharp battle with rival fur-traders at Tadoussac the two explorers came to the Narrows of Quebec and rebuilt the abandoned settlement. Soon after landing a serious mutiny was discovered. The ringleader was hanged and three other mutineers sent back to France, but the conspiracy had an ugly look, for there was evidence that it had been planned by De Monts' enemies.

In September, Pontgravé sailed for France with a rich cargo of furs, leaving Champlain at Quebec with 28 men. The winter, unlike that of the preceding year, was terribly severe, and Quebec is one of the coldest spots in eastern Canada. The food supply of the Indians failed and they borrowed from the white men until there was little left. The spring was late. When Pontgravé ar-

rived at the end of May, 1609, the snow was still on the ground and only nine men were left alive.

At this time was formed the alliance with the Indians which played so vital a part in the wars between the English and the French in America, and which determined the future history of the continent.

When Cartier first visited the St. Lawrence, he had been hospitably received by the Indians, along the valley, and at their great town of Hochelaga. All these tribes were of the Iroquois Family (or Race), and most of them belonged to the Huron group. Later, the Hurons formed one of the Great Confederacy of Six Nations—Mohawks, Hurons, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas and Tuscaroras—the most powerful confederacy in North America, but, at this time, they were outside of and antagonistic to the original Four-Nation Confederacy, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas and Senecas.

When Champlain came, three-quarters of a century later, the Hurons were gone. A wave of Indian war had swept over the valley. The more numerous and more barbaric tribes of the Algonquians had taken their place. The Hurons were driven west, to the region south of the Great Lakes. This conquest had only been possible because the Iroquois of the Four Nations, the most civilized and the most warlike of the North American Indians did not feel called upon to help the Hurons.

In order to maintain his position at Quebec,

Champlain made an alliance with the Algonquians and the Hurons, who had made terms with their hereditary enemies. By the other Iroquois Nations, the Hurons were regarded as double-dyed traitors.

When Pontgravé next spring arrived with more men, the Indians demanded that Champlain redeem his promise to aid them against their enemies, and proposed a raid into Iroquois country, promising Champlain that they would show him a route whereby that territory could be reached by boats.

Two reasons caused Champlain to agree to this unwise meddling in tribal warfare. The first was the absolute necessity that the Indians should trust the white men—otherwise they might all be massacred in a night. The second was his desire for exploration and for the extension of the fur trade routes. As yet, nothing was known of the region away from the St. Lawrence Valley.

In June 1609, Algonquian and Huron braves to the number of 400 gathered for the war-path and summoned Champlain to join them. The explorer, with 11 Frenchmen in full plate armor, responded to the call.

The Indians, in their canoes, led the party across the Lake of St. Peter to the Richelieu River. At a camping site, two days' journey upstream, quarrels broke out between the Hurons and the Algonquians and three-quarters of the braves abandoned the projected raid.

Some distance further up the river, rapids were encountered beyond which the French boat could not go. Even so, Champlain would not desert his allies, but continued on with two of his men and 60 Indians to invade the country of the warlike Iroquois.

The advance was made slowly and only by night. Beyond Crown Point, the progress became even more stealthy. Late in the evening of July 29, moving forward before the moon rose, the attacking party came near to that narrow strip of land between Lake Champlain and Lake George which is famous in American History under its Iroquois name of Ticonderoga.

On the water were a number of heavy elm bark canoes, easily to be recognized as those of the Iroquois. The defenders landed hastily and began throwing up a barricade. The invaders waited in their canoes until the first streaks of dawn appeared, and landed also.

It was a daring raid, and when the Iroquois saw the small numbers of the Algonquians, they were amazed. The invaders were only 60 in number and were facing more than 200 braves, warriors of the finest fighting tribe in the whole Iroquois League, for these were Mohawks.

The shrill war-yell rose, and, scorning the barricade they had been at such pains to build, the Iroquois rushed forward.

The Algonquians answered with their even

higher-pitched war-cry, and called upon Champlain and his men.

The loose ranks of the invaders opened. At three different points, the three Frenchmen stepped forward.

At these apparitions of pale-faced men in shining flame—for their polished armor glinted brightly under the first rays of the rising sun—the Mohawks stopped. Only for a moment, however, and then the gallant redskins raised their bows to shoot.

It was too late!

Before arrow could leave bow, Champlain had leveled his arquebuss and fired. He had loaded it with four balls, and one chief and one warrior fell. The sound had not died away before the other two pale-faces fired. At different points of the line, two other Indians fell.

What sorcery of slaughter was this?

What terrible wizards were these who could hurl from sticks a fiery death which flew faster and further than any arrow?

The Mohawks, despite their valor, dared not advance, dared not await another volley. They fled in panic, fled so fast, indeed, that the Algonquians, pursuing with whoops of triumph, were able to make but few prisoners.

It was a great victory for the invaders and it increased the prestige of Champlain among the Indians a thousandfold. Yet this victorious skirmish was to prove costly to France.

That same day, July 30, 1609, a little Dutch ship named the *Half-Moon* was riding in Penobscot Bay. Had the vision of Henry Hudson, her captain, been able to pierce the forests that lay between his vessel and Ticonderoga, he would have had the clew to that confused and savage warfare which for years to come was to make a bloody battlefield of those forests.

Because of those few shots from an arquebuss, fired by a Frenchman against a party of Mohawks, on behalf of his Algonquian allies, the Dutch and the English gained the support of the most powerful and warlike ally that the whole North American continent could afford. Later history was to reveal the Iroquois and the Algonquians as double-edged weapons ruthlessly wielded by the French and English in their great contest for the mastery of America. Champlain's courage was to lose France the fairest of her possessions.

CHAPTER VIII

THE COMING OF THE JESUITS

Religious strife was a main cause in the peopling of America. Colonized when Europe was aflame with bigotry, when one side burned "heretics" and the other butchered "papists," it was inevitable that America's early history should be singed with that flame.

The Spaniards came as Catholic crusaders, the Coligny colonies were refuges for hunted Huguenots, Virginia would accept none who were not of the English Church, Maryland was a home for disfranchised Catholics, and the French colonists in Acadia were compelled to see that the Indians were Catholicized, even though they were Protestants themselves.

Soon the *Mayflower* would come, bringing the Pilgrim Fathers, content with no worship but their own. The Puritans would follow, to establish the most intolerant church that ever existed on American soil. Moravians, Lutherans, Quakers and other bodies were to plant colonies of their own persuasion, until every mile of the American coast-line was tagged with a theological name.

American history differs from that of every other country in the world. It is not the history

of the growth of a single people, nor yet is it a tale of conquest. It is the history of a virgin land, peopled by successive communities of a differing religious character. Each gave some of its good to the whole. Each was in earnest, each had faith. Men do not fight for what they do not prize.

Enthusiasts are always filled with the missionary spirit. The story of America is full of the most splendid stories of heroism and martyrdom; scores of unmarked graves in the primeval forests bear silent witness to the courage of Christian teachers, Catholics and Protestants alike.

With the revocation of de Monts' charter because he was a Protestant, one of the most aggressive of these missionary orders—that of the Jesuits—found its opportunity in America. Queen Mary de Medici, of France, was a devotee and a strong supporter of the Jesuits, whose missionary efforts covered the then known world. Their influence had been potent in the attack upon De Monts.

Henry IV had allowed a trading privilege on the St. Lawrence to de Monts, despite his Protestantism, because he was associated with Champlain, a Roman Catholic. This was a fair type of the King's policy of keeping a balance between the two parties. Quebec, for the time being, was let alone.

The settlement of Acadia was another matter. Poutrincourt held to his grant of Port Royal, but,

as the revoking of de Monts' charter made this grant invalid, it was necessary to secure a royal consent to the holding of his grant. Thus Poutrincourt came to hold Port Royal directly under the Crown, though, as he learned later, he owed this favor to three noblewomen who were championing the Jesuit cause.

The abandonment of Port Royal and the lawsuits in connection with his grant brought Poutrincourt to poverty. He secured as partner a man of great wealth, Thomas Robin, who, like Poutrincourt, was a moderate Catholic belonging to what was known as the National Party, patriotic and tolerant, but suspicious of Spain and the Jesuits.

When Father Cotton, the Jesuit confessor of Henry IV, persuaded the King to order that Jesuit missionaries should be sent to Acadia, the news was most unwelcome to Poutrincourt and Robin. When they learned that Father Biard had been named as the first of these, they were even more distressed.

Indeed, so resentful were they, that, defying all prudence, Poutrincourt sailed in March, 1610, for Dieppe instead of from Bordeaux as arranged, and left the Jesuit Father waiting on the shore. He took with him a secular priest, Father La Flèche.

Immediately upon his arrival at Port Royal, the priest undertook baptisms at a great rate, since Poutrincourt wished to prove to the King that

the Christianization of the Indians could be done without the help of the Jesuits.

Father La Flèche did not arrive in Acadia until May, but within a month, Chief Memberton—said to be one hundred and ten years old—and all his family, together with twenty of the leading warriors, were baptized. Baptisms became popular. Poutrincourt was shrewd enough to give a free feast on every christening day. The Micmacs flocked in. Their admiration and affection for the French were so great that they became ready converts. Indeed, it was with difficulty that the white men held back the new-made Christians from going on the war-path against the neighboring tribes and tomahawking all those who did not come to be baptized forthwith.

In the middle of July, Poutrincourt sent his son —known to history by the family name of Biencourt, to France with the precious book wherein were recorded the baptisms of several hundred Indians. But, on his way across, Biencourt heard grievous news from a Breton fisherman. Henry IV had been assassinated by Ravillac while driving along the streets of Paris.

This death, which left Louis XIII a boy-king and placed France under the regency of Queen Marie de Medici, boded evil for the Protestants. De Monts' trading privilege was not renewed. Poutrincourt had put himself in a difficult position by his contemptuous rejection of a Jesuit Father. Such was an awkward situation for young Bien-

court to face, when he appeared at court. His case was far too weak for him to dare to oppose the potent Religious Order that his father had offended.

At this time, three women were all-powerful at court. These were Marie de Medici, Regent and Queen-Mother; Henriette d'Entraigues, Marquise de Verneuil, whose ugly story needs not to be told; and the stainless and virtuous Antoinette de la Pons, Marquise de Guercheville, whom Henry IV had vainly wooed. All three were devoted to the Jesuits.

Biencourt, as resolutely as he dared, urged his father's faithfulness to the Church and yet his dislike of the Jesuit Fathers. A strong hint was given to the young man that any more such talk might mean a cancellation of his father's grant, and, since he had found out that these three women had been the cause of De Monts' downfall, Biencourt kept quiet. Father Biard was instructed to proceed to Dieppe with an associate, Father Masse, and Biencourt was curtly ordered to see that they were duly taken on board.

There was more trouble ahead. Poutrincourt and Robin, learning how heavy were the costs of founding a new state, had arranged with two Protestant merchants in Dieppe to take a share in the venture, in return for a ship-load of supplies. These were to be placed on Biencourt's vessel.

When Fathers Biard and Masse arrived in

Dieppe, however, the Protestant merchants defied the Queen-Mother and flatly refused to allow the Jesuits to board.

The Marquise de Guercheville threw herself into the breach with zeal and devotion. A subscription was begun, and, in a few hours, a large sum was raised among the courtiers, not one of whom dared to refuse to sign. Within a week, the amount received exceeded all expectations.

The money was given to the Provincial of the Jesuits, who directed Father Biard to buy out the entire interest of the two Protestant merchants of Dieppe, and to lend some money to Poutrincourt. Thus the Jesuits not only became commercial partners in the enterprise, but also creditors of the owner of the grant. This transaction was to have startling results.

The expedition, richly laden with the seeds of distrust, sailed from Dieppe on January 26, 1611. The voyage was long and it was not until May 22 that a landing at Port Royal was made.

The winter had been hard and the ship had been expected two months earlier. Famine had taken more than half of the men. The remaining colonists eagerly fell upon the supplies brought by Biencourt, but a large share of the provisions had been consumed during the long sea-voyage.

Gloomy enough was the landing, but it was rendered worse by Poutrincourt's open hostility to Fathers Biard and Masse. A case of interference with justice brought this enmity to a crisis. Pont-

gravé's son had excited the animosity of the Indians by a piece of personal misconduct, and was hiding in the woods from Poutrincourt's anger. Father Biard went to seek him, pardoned him, and brought him back to the fort.

The governor stormed at this invasion of his authority. Father Biard suavely pointed out that the Jesuits were now his partners and that, if it had not been for the intervention of the Marquise de Guercheville, Port Royal would not have received any supplies at all. Moreover, he pointed out that the pardon of an erring son was a spiritual affair.

Poutrincourt retorted that the Protestant merchants were sending the supplies, and that they would have come sooner if the Jesuits had not interfered. He added that he preferred Protestant aid to Jesuit aid. As the Catholics were in control at the court of France, this was an unwise remark and he was to pay dearly for it.

Thoroughly enraged at the manner in which his grant was passing out of his hands, Poutrincourt sailed for France to fight his own cause. Biencourt was left in charge, though Father Biard was the real ruler.

The young sailor was as eager to escape from the new conditions as his father had been. Moreover, he had been appointed Vice-Admiral of New France as a means of strengthening his attachment to the Crown. He set out to harry the trading vessels of independent St. Malo and Rochelle

merchants, with the intention of seizing their supplies as penalty.

Soon after sailing, he came into conflict with young Pontgravé, who had built a few huts on the shore and was establishing a trading post on his own account. Biencourt regarded this as a usurpation of his father's privileges and made Pontgravé and his men prisoners, in spite of Father Biard's opposition.

The summer and autumn was spent by Biencourt in the effort to make the fur-traders accept his authority—which most of them refused to do—and in the hunt for supplies. Yet, when the ship returned to Port Royal in the fall, there were few stores in her hold. The scant amount of food that had been collected had been consumed on the voyage.

The garrison at Port Royal had not prospered. Father Masse had gone out to convert the Indians and was rescued, in a half-starved condition, after a summer in which he had tried to live in Indian fashion. Chief Memberton was dying of old age, and, with his death, a strong link of Indian friendship was lost.

The winter proved wet and dreary. Biencourt and the Jesuit Fathers lived in a state of mutual distrust. Fortunately for the colony, Poutrincourt had ventured to send a supply ship across the Atlantic in the depth of winter. She arrived on January 23, 1612.

The news that the vessel brought was less wel-

come to Biencourt than the food. The first person to step ashore from the boat was Gilbert du Thet, a Jesuit lay-brother. He informed the young sailor that Mme. de Guercheville had bought from de Monts all his claims to Acadia. De Monts had protested, but was silenced by the veiled threat that, if he proved stubborn, his Protestantism might come to be regarded as treason.

Du Thet's position was a strong one. He showed Biencourt that the Jesuit colonization was on a loftier plane than any that had preceded it. All the French founders in Acadia—even Poutrincourt, at the last—had abandoned colonizing and had set themselves merely to establish fur-trading posts. The Jesuit Father proposed to use Port Royal as the base of a mission which should bring all the Indian tribes of America into the fold of the Catholic Church, and then civilize them gradually. The amazing success of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay, wherein the warlike Guaranyis had become largely civilized in the course of thirty years, proved that such a plan was possible.

But du Thet was not the only agent on this vessel, there was also an agent sent by Poutrincourt. Du Thet explained that the grant held by Poutrincourt restricted him to a small piece of territory contained in de Monts' grant; the baron's agent claimed a huge barony.

Technically, Poutrincourt was in the wrong. He had bought a small site from de Monts for the purposes of colonization. The failure of this

plan had turned him into a fur trader. A piece of land large enough for the building of a town was a very different matter from the enormous territory required for a fur-hunting domain.

Biencourt sided with his father's agent. The quarreling grew sharp. The three Jesuits, secure in the royal support, withdrew to the vessel and prepared to sail for France. Poutrincourt's grant would not have endured a half an hour after their arrival at court, and Biencourt knew it. He ordered their return to land and threatened to use force if they did not come.

The Jesuits excommunicated him. For three months a religious interdict was placed on the settlement. Then either Biencourt or Father Biard yielded (the original documents of both sides are flatly contradictory on this point), friendly relations were resumed, and, in the summer, Brother du Thet sailed for France. He carried letters from Father Biard praising Biencourt, but he also bore verbal messages of a very different character.

As might be expected, Poutrincourt had only made his troubles worse. In order to send supplies, he borrowed money from the Jesuits and from the Marquise de Guercheville. The notes fell due and he had no money with which to pay them. He had few friends at court and he had made an enemy of the Jesuit Order. He was thrown into prison. There he fell ill, and though

he was soon released, his opportunities to help the Acadian colonists were at an end.

Poutrincourt needed not to disturb himself. Jesuit zeal was running high, and Jesuit money was embarked on the enterprise. Under the influence of the Queen-Mother, Louis XIII granted to the Marquise de Guercheville all the territory of North America, from Florida to the St. Lawrence River, with the exception of a few square miles around Port Royal, which had been granted to Poutrincourt by Henry IV.

The devotee marquise, therefore, was awarded by the Crown of France not only the unoccupied land in America, but also the land held by the English in Virginia as well as the trading posts of the Dutch on the Hudson River. This was a steal, pure and simple.

Once more a subscription was set on foot, this time for the occupation of the whole North American coast. As it was a holy cause and Mme. de Guercheville's name was honored for rectitude and charity, the money came in readily. The *Jonas* was amply, even luxuriously equipped and sent to Acadia under command of Captain La Saussaye, who was to act as the lieutenant of the marquise.

On May 16, 1613, La Saussaye touched at La Hêve, where he displayed the banner of Mme. de Guercheville, and where Father La Quentin—the third Jesuit Father to come to the colony—said Mass. Brother du Thet duly recorded this official

act of taking possession of all North America for France. Thence the *Jonas* passed onwards to Port Royal.

As seemed to be the invariable outcome of a colonial winter, the colonists were in utter distress. Biencourt and the few settlers who survived were scattered far and wide, gathering shell-fish, catching fish or digging ground-nuts. Fathers Biard and Masse, a boy acolyte and two men were all who were found at the settlement.

Taking the two Jesuits and the boy on board, La Saussaye promptly set sail, by no means displeased at having escaped an awkward meeting with Biencourt. The Port Royal site was excluded from the grant given to the marquise and there was no reason for him to stay there.

After a few hours' sailing he entered what is now known as Frenchman's Bay, on the coast of Maine. There, on Mt. Desert Island, near the present site of Bar Harbor, Maine, the first settlement was made under the banner of Mme. de Guercheville. Later, on the urging of Father Biard, this settlement was moved to Soames Sound, on the same island. Thus the French flag flew on what was afterwards to be the State of Maine.

England was not likely to stay idle when so impudent a claim as this was made. Captain Argall, the young English sailor who had abducted Pocahontas and taken her to Jamestown, had been sent north to fish for cod off the coasts of Maine

and to secure from the coast Indians any supplies he could, whether by fair means or foul. The vessel ran into a heavy fog, and, when the weather cleared, Argall found himself off the islands at the mouth of Penobscot Bay, fifty miles southwest off Mt. Desert Island.

Some Indians came off, in canoes, to trade. "By their bows and scrapes," Argall was convinced that these Indians must have been in contact with some French nearby. The English captain knew a little of the Indian tongue and managed to discover the whereabouts of the new colony, which was clearly within the territory of "North Virginia."

Counting largely on the element of surprise and confident in the fighting qualities of his crew, Argall sailed into Soames Sound. For a few minutes, the French gazed at the incoming vessel with delight, believing her to be one of their own. Then Argall broke out the English flag and opened with a broadside. A round shot ploughed through the settlers gathered on the beach.

In a second all was confusion. Part of the crew of the French ship was ashore, laying the first timbers for the fort. The French pilot and a boatload of sailors started for their ship, but saw at once that there would be no time to run her out of the harbor without being sunk by the English guns. They fled for the narrow channels between the islands and the shore and so escaped. La Saussaye fled into the woods.

La Motte, the lieutenant, with Brother du Thet and a handful of the boldest men, took a small boat and hurried on board the ship to fight or to escape. There was no time to cut the cables or hoist sail. Argall bore down on them swiftly. A second broadside roared out and smashed into the ship.

Since the gunners had fled with the pilot, there was no one to man the French guns. Du Thet, however, determined that at least there should be some reply, set match to one of the cannons and fired, without even stopping to aim.

The single report was answered from Argall's vessel with the rattle of a volley of musketry, and du Thet fell on the deck, mortally wounded. The English raked the French craft fore and aft, but never a second shot came in answer.

Then Argall's men boarded. Few of the Frenchmen were left alive, but La Motte, sword in hand, fought gallantly to the last, and was granted an honorable surrender.

The English commander landed without opposition from the handful of men left on the shore. He raided the tents and the half-built huts. He seized La Saussaye's trunks, picked the locks, and, with inexcusable trickery, extracted from the chest the royal deeds and La Saussaye's commission. These he stuffed in his pockets and then closed the trunks as though they had not been pilfered.

The following morning, La Saussaye, seeing both his ship and his settlement in English hands,

emerged from his hiding-place and surrendered. Argall received him courteously, only demanding to be shown the royal commission under which La Saussaye was operating. The French commander searched his trunks in vain.

Thereupon Argall broke into a storm of rage, declared La Saussaye a liar and threatened to hang the French leader and all his men as pirates. He gave his own sailors the right to help themselves to anything they wished. Even clothing was taken, leaving the colonists half naked.

La Saussaye, Father Masse and thirteen men were put in an open boat, with scant provisions, and set adrift in the open sea. Later, after the English had gone, the pilot and the boat's crew crept out from among the islands and joined La Saussaye. On the verge of starvation, the two crews made their way north to Newfoundland where they met French trading vessels which took them home in safety.

Father Biard, with thirteen men, accompanied Argall back to Jamestown. Dale, the stern High Marshal, was in command of Virginia at the time. The news of the French invasion stirred his military severity. He was about to give order that every one of the prisoners—including the ecclesiastics—should be hanged as pirates, when Argall, realizing that he was arousing a storm that threatened to be greater than he could weather, showed Dale the stolen papers.

The High Marshal was too good a soldier not

to be just as well as stern. The royal commission proved that the French had come with proper authority. He rebuked Argall, apologized to La Saussaye, and saw to it that the French prisoners of war should receive honorable treatment.

Dale felt himself to be not only the High Marshal of Virginia, but also the sole official representative of England in America. When he learned from Father Biard that Port Royal had fallen on evil days, it seemed to him the right movement to evict the French from a holding which was within the territory granted by James I to the Plymouth Company.

Argall was sent with a small war fleet of three vessels to put an end to the French colonies. He went first to Mt. Desert, razed what little building had been begun, cut down the Cross erected by the French and put one of his own in its place. A boat was sent to La Hêve where the carved escutcheon of the Marquise de Guercheville was cut down and burned. Thence Argall sailed to the Island of St. Croix, seized a quantity of salt that had been prepared and set fire to the tumble-down colony of De Monts.

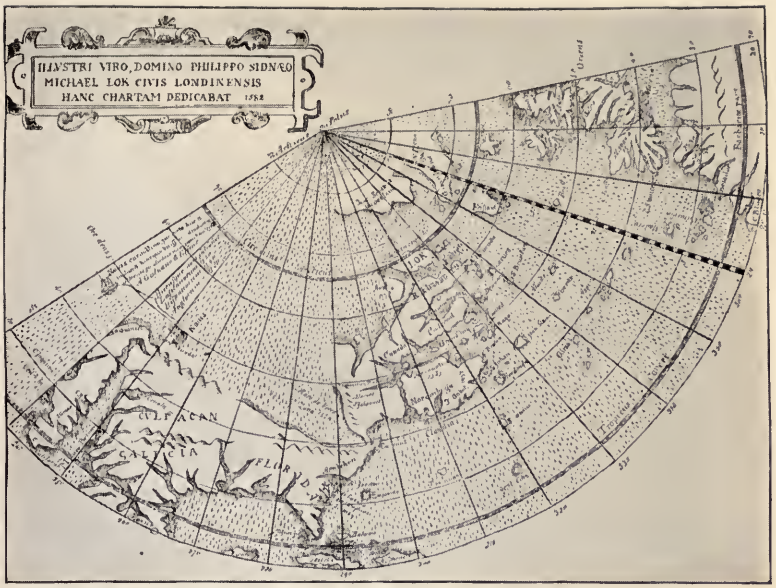
This left Port Royal as the only remaining French settlement in Acadia. Not a soul was in the place when Argall sailed in. Biencourt and his soldiers were away on a visit to an Indian chief. The laborers were in the fields, some distance up the inlet. The storehouses were well filled, for a supply ship from France had arrived

but a short time before. Cattle, horses and pigs were found in the enclosures.

Rejoicing at this chance of easy conquest, the English butchered or carried off all the animals, emptied the storehouses, seized all the arms and ammunition, pried off every piece of ironwork—even to the locks of the doors—and then set fire to what remained. This done, an armed party was sent up the inlet to take the laborers prisoners.

They had hardly embarked their captives when Biencourt appeared with his men, only to find Port Royal a smoking ruin. The French commander asked for a parley. The conference was a stormy one. Argall offered to allow Biencourt to hold the place on condition that he should yield allegiance to the King of England, an offer that was scornfully refused. Biencourt demanded the person of Father Biard—who was on Argall's ship—admitting frankly that he desired to hang him. This could not be, for Argall was responsible to Dale for his prisoner.

The English commander was eager to force a fight, for he had superior numbers on his side. Father Biard warned him that Biencourt had numerous Indian allies, "who, at this very moment, may be hidden in the forests, ready to strike." Biencourt would not surrender, and Argall did not dare to use force. The English, therefore, sailed away, having left the French in Acadia without any houses to live in, without any



THE SEA OF VERRAZANO

Verrazano is supposed to have crossed the Chesapeake Peninsula and saw beyond the wide waters of Chesapeake Bay. He indicated this narrow peninsula and the wide Western Sea on his map and it was copied on all maps thereafter. It was an opening into this sea that the Jamestown colonists were told to find and that lured Hudson ever north seeking it.

HUDSON RECEIVING HIS SAILING ORDERS FROM THE MUSCOVY COMPANY

Henry Hudson's first voyages of exploration were for the Muscovy Company, an English Company of merchant adventurers, incorporated for the purpose of trade with Russia and for the searching out of a passage north-easterly around Europe to China and Japan.

HENRY HUDSON

This portrait of Henry Hudson by Count Pulaski is one of the best and probably the most life-like portrait of any of the great explorers of that period. Though Henry Hudson was an Englishman, the chief immediate results of his exploration were reaped by the Dutch, but ultimately all of the territory claimed by the Dutch fell into the hands of the English chartered companies.

domestic animals, without ammunition and without food.

Soon after leaving Port Royal, a violent tempest separated the three English ships. The smallest vessel was never heard of again. Argall, who was an excellent sailor, managed to bring his badly battered ship back to Jamestown. The third vessel, that which had been captured from La Saussaye, sprang a leak. She was rendered so unseaworthy that her captain did not dare to beat before the western gale. He ran before the wind and bore away to the Azores. On this ship were Fathers Biard and Quentin and several other of the French prisoners.

The presence of the Jesuit Fathers became an added danger to the English. If, on their arrival at the Azores, Father Biard should proclaim captain and crew to be a gang of heretics who had sacked a settlement under the protection of the Jesuits, the Portuguese Catholics would be likely to slit the throat of every Englishman on board.

At first it was seriously debated whether the Jesuit Father should be thrown overboard to drown, but wiser counsels prevailed. Fathers Biard and Quentin were hidden in the hold on their parole to make no outcry while the officials of the Azore Islands searched the ship. All passed without trouble. On their arrival in England, the Jesuits were treated with respect, and, after a short stay, they left for France.

Biencourt was far from considering himself

beaten. True, Port Royal was destroyed, but there were still stout French hearts around him, Indian allies about him, the woods were full of game and the seas did not lack for fish. He was young and strong and the pioneer life appealed to him.

Thus he became the first of the French backwoodsmen, a true *coureur de bois,* who could hunt, trap and fish as well as his redskin brothers and who learned to speak their language as well as he did his own. Several of his men married Indian girls. Instead of their reclaiming the forest, the forest reclaimed them.

Poutrincourt worried greatly over the fate of his son. In the spring of 1614 he persuaded some Breton merchants to fit up a small ship and took command himself. He found Port Royal in the same state as the English had left it. Biencourt had been wise enough to learn that it was only by living with the Indians and like the Indians that his men could survive the winters. Poutrincourt, advanced in years and with a very different upbringing from his son, saw no attraction in the backwoods life and returned to France. He died the year following, sword in hand, an officer in the army of the King.

Biencourt labored on. No longer did he look to France for help, he made his own path. Many half-breed children were born to the French settlers, to become the great hunters and fur-traders of the next generation. From time to time some

trading vessel came from France bringing a few men eager to take up the adventures of a pioneer life.

Slowly, but surely, the French reëstablished themselves. Biencourt had inherited his father's grant and held it firmly. He abandoned the old site of Port Royal and built a small settlement at Annapolis Royal, twelve miles further up the inlet.

England was not yet satisfied, but grudged to Biencourt his slender hold upon Acadia. In 1622 James I granted to Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, all Acadia and the St. Lawrence River basin. This was to be held by Alexander as a fief of the Crown of Scotland (James I was monarch of both kingdoms) and, accordingly, it was rechristened "Nova Scotia" (New Scotland).

The Scotch lord came over with a mere handful of colonists, who settled at Port Royal and rebuilt the fortifications. The Scotch were wise enough not to make an enemy of Biencourt, who could have brought the Indians upon them any time he chose. They lived at peace with their neighbors, intermarried with the French and with the Indians, and, later, with the halfbreeds. They adopted the French and Indian languages, as well as the customs of forest life. Moreover, in the French-English wars of a century later, these descendants of the Scotch had become so Gallicized that they fought on the French side.

Biencourt died in 1623, his possessions being inherited by his comrade, Charles de la Tour. As

the title was open to question, Claude de la Tour, father of Charles, petitioned Louis XIII that his son might be appointed Commandant of Acadia. The petition was granted.

Claude de la Tour set sail for New France in April, 1628, on one of the four large ships sent by Cardinal Richelieu to support Champlain at Quebec. The fleet was commanded by Admiral Roquemont, one of the Hundred Associates, a powerful trading company which had become the governing force in the St. Lawrence. But, unhappily for Champlain, Roquemont was defeated by an English fleet under Admiral Kirk, and Claude de la Tour was among the prisoners brought to England.

De la Tour was a Protestant. As civil war had broken out again between the Catholics and Protestants and as the Protestant city of Rochelle was in arms against Richelieu, de la Tour knew that he would be out of favor at the French court. It was almost certain that, if he returned, his son's appointment would be canceled. Under these circumstances, at the invitation of Sir William Alexander, Claude de la Tour renounced his allegiance to the French Crown, agreed to accept the Scotchman's overlordship and was made a baronet of Nova Scotia, in 1629, sailing thither shortly after.

Charles de la Tour, though indignant at his father's treason, accepted the inevitable, the more readily as he had maintained the friendship with the Scotch colony at Port Royal. The French-

English hostility lasted until 1632, when, by the Treaty of St. Germain, Charles I of England consented to restore to France "all the places occupied in New France, Acadia and Canada."

The development of French power on the St. Lawrence under Champlain, the battles of Tadoussac and Quebec, the strife with England, the story of Hébert and all the various aspects of the Treaty of St. Germain are matters properly belonging to the history of Canada. They will be treated elsewhere.

In Acadia, the treaty of 1632 produced some curious results. When the territory returned to the hands of France, Louis XIII appointed the Chevalier Razilly as Governor of Acadia. The lieutenant-governorship of the eastern half (comprising Nova Scotia and Cape Breton) was given to D'Aulnay Charnisay, who made his headquarters at Port Royal; that of the western half (from St. Croix southwesterly to Cape Cod) was put in the hands of de la Tour, who made his headquarters at Fort. St. Jean, on St. Croix Bay. De la Tour also established a permanent post as far south as the present site of Portland, Maine, which was known as Fort Loyal.

Razilly withdrew from the Governorship and D'Aulnay claimed the supreme power, on the ground that Port Royal was the capital of the colony. The de la Tours, father and son, resisted him stoutly. Nine years of bitter feud ensued, the fur-hunters of both parties maintaining a

savage warfare on each other. To strengthen his position, de la Tour pushed his outposts further and further south.

D'Aulnay adopted other tactics. He strengthened his position at the French court. There was little difficulty, for the de la Tours were in bad odor because of their treachery to France in the acceptance of English titles and submission to English authority. De la Tour's commission was annulled and he was bidden report himself in France to answer for his treachery and for his warfare on French subjects under D'Aulnay.

The sturdy Protestant fur-trader defied Louis XIII and France. He refused to obey the order of the Catholic king, but was shrewd enough to base his refusal on the grounds that he did not dare to leave territory which had so recently been returned to France and which was coveted by England.

Since de la Tour's commission had been canceled, he had no further legal rights in Acadia. In 1645, D'Aulnay made a concerted attack on Fort St. Jean, killed several of the settlers and hanged most of the men whom he took prisoners, as "rebels against His Most Christian Majesty of France," which they were.

De la Tour escaped the massacre and took to a wild and buccaneer life. In two swift ships, which remained to him, he raided the coasts of D'Aulnay's territory, swooped as a pirate on all trading

vessels bound for Port Royal and rendered the position of his rival intolerable.

After five years of sullen defense against this vigorous freebooter, D'Aulnay was drowned, leaving a widow and eight children. De la Tour hastened to France, proved that he had both the experience and the men to take control of his own half of Acadia, and declared that the troubles in the colony had been due to personal matters and not to his disloyalty to France. He secured the renewal of his commission.

Thus strengthened by royal favor, de la Tour hurried back to Port Royal. Thoroughly understanding the chivalrous character of French frontiersmen, he was clever enough to bring from Paris a number of articles—clothing and the like —as gifts to Mme. D'Aulnay, for he realized that the followers of his former enemy would be even more loyal to the helpless widow than they had been to her husband. He managed his case so adroitly that he wooed and won Mme. D'Aulnay, who had suffered great privations since her husband's death, and, on the occasion of the marriage, distributed gifts lavishly to all the men. Thus, once again, de la Tour was sole lord of Acadia and of the mainland coast as far south as Cape Cod.

Such was the situation in this part of America, when the Great Rebellion took place in England, which resulted in the beheading of Charles I and the establishment of the Commonwealth under

Cromwell. The Puritan movement, of which this was the culmination, had an enormous effect upon the New World and opened a new phase of American history.

CHAPTER IX

HUDSON AND THE DUTCH

The witty pen of Washington Irving wrought great injustice to a gallant race. His derisive humor has caused "Father Knickerbocker" and the Dutch founders of New Amsterdam to appear as comic personages on the pages of American history. Such a notion is not only false, but also grievously ungrateful.

The Dutch were a heroic breed. They were the first people in Europe to understand religious liberty, the first to carve with their swords a free Republic, daring adventurers who won an empire in the East Indies, and incomparable sailors who even disputed with England the mastery of the sea.

Such men handed down a noble heritage to their descendants, all the nobler in that Dutch honesty was proverbial. The United States is fortunate in that its great commercial metropolis of New York was founded by such a sturdy stock, and her history would be the poorer if the deeds of the Dutch descendants were stricken out.

The early history of the Dutch in America deals

mainly with the Hudson River, and, less urgently, with the Delaware.

Strictly speaking, the Dutch had no claim to America on the grounds of discovery. Cabot probably, and Verrazano certainly, had visited the Hudson River a century before the first Dutch vessel touched the shores of America.

Verrazano passed through the Narrows and cast anchor in New York Bay. He rightly estimated the Hudson to be a river, not a strait, and hence did not sail up it, looking for the route to China, which was the object of his voyage.

Aside from a coasting voyage made by Estevan Gomez, a Spaniard, in 1525, the French alone took advantage of Verrazano's discovery, which had been made under the French flag. "The River of Steep Hills," as Verrazano justly named the Hudson, was a good entrance for fur-traders and a good harbor for ships. As early as 1540, French traders built a fort near the present site of Albany, at the head of navigation. In 1542, one of Roberval's captains passed through Long Island Sound and Hell Gate and reported having met traders from St. Malo in the "Great River," which his description shows to have been the Hudson. By 1570 there were three semi-permanent French trading posts on the river, one of these being situated on Manhattan.

Possibly Manhattan was not an island at this time, but a peninsula, partly traversed by the two streams now known as the Spuyten Duyvil

Creek and the Harlem River, both easily fordable. In recent years the water of the former has been turned into the latter, which has been artificially deepened and is not a river at all, but a tide-water canal.

During this period, when France was ravaged by religious strife, England advanced in maritime adventuring. This was not confined to the semi-piratic seizure of Spanish treasure-ships, it also followed the more legitimate channels of trade.

The most important venture in this direction was the Muscovy Company, incorporated for the purpose of trading with Russia and finding a route to China and the Indies by the Northeast passage. At this time, all the region now known as Siberia was supposed to be sea—the Sea of Verrazano, thought to have been visible from the Chesapeake Peninsula.

Among the most active officials of the Muscovy Company were several members of the Hudson family, from which Henry Hudson, the Navigator, sprang. In 1607 he was in command of an expedition sent by the Muscovy Company to sail northwards from Greenland, passing west of Spitzbergen, in an effort to reach China by crossing the Polar Sea. He was stopped by the ice. The year following, Hudson tried for the same goal, passing through Barent's Sea, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Here, again, he found his way blocked by the Polar ice.

While both these voyages failed in their object,

Hudson had reached the "furthest north" of his time, and his explorations had brought him fame. The Dutch East India Company succeeded in detaching the great navigator from the service of the (English) Muscovy Company, and he sailed north under the flag of the Netherlands, on April 4, 1609, to renew his effort to find the Northeast Passage.

A few weeks before sailing, some news from America had turned Hudson's thoughts in that direction. Captain John Smith of Virginia had thoroughly explored Chesapeake Bay, which Verrazano had seen from the Chesapeake Peninsula and had believed to be the ocean that washed the shores of China. Smith had found no strait into the supposed Sea of Verrazano, but he thought it probable that there might be such a strait, further to the north, and he had written to Hudson to this effect. This letter from John Smitn to Hudson was to have a considerable effect upon the later history of America.

On reaching Nova Zembla, Hudson found the seas as ice-bound and impassable as they had been the two seasons before. He took counsel with his officers and crew, read Smith's letter to them, and with their agreement, decided to cross the Atlantic and seek the Northwest Passage instead of the Northeast Passage. He hoped to find an opening into the Sea of Verrazano somewhere north of the northernmost latitude explored by Smith.

Hudson's craft, the *Half-Moon,* was all too

small for such long voyages, being of but 80 tons and carrying a crew of 18 men, all told. Although buffeted by severe weather, during which the *Half-Moon* lost her foremast, the explorer reached Penobscot Bay, Maine, on July 18, 1609. He stayed there some little time, making a new foremast from a huge pine tree his men cut in the woods, and repairing the damaged sails.

Thence he sailed southward by easy stages, arriving, at last, at Machipongo Inlet on the Chesapeake Peninsula. Hudson mistook this inlet for the entrance which led to the James River, and, feeling that the English colonists would resent the presence of the Dutch expedition, he turned again to the northward.

On August 28, the *Half-Moon* entered Delaware Bay. The wide entrance gave him hopes that this might be the long-desired strait, but the vessel soon encountered numerous shoals and a strong outward current. Hudson realized that a river bringing down so much silt could not arise on such a narrow neck of land as was shown on Verrazano's map. The strait could not be here.

Sailing out of Delaware Bay, Hudson struck northwards, along the coast of what is now New Jersey. At Sandy Hook another great opening lay before him. He entered it and, on September 3, 1609, dropped anchor in Lower New York Bay, between Sandy Hook and Staten Island.

Here, again, his hopes ran high. In entering the Narrows, between Long Island and Staten

Island, he found himself in New York harbor, another wide stretch of water. Following the southern coast of this, he came to an estuary, a mile wide, subject to the fluctuations of the tide. This seemed the long-sought strait. He sailed up past Manna-hatta Peninsula (or Island) hoping, with every turn of the shore, to see the great sea opening before him. Haverstraw Bay increased his confidence.

But, alas for his hopes, just above the present site of Peekskill, he reached the point where the river narrows almost to a gorge. The influence of the tide had weakened, and Hudson realized that he was in a river. He sailed as far as the head of navigation and turned back. He found the Indians friendly and the soil fertile. Having thoroughly mapped the Hudson River, he set sail for Europe.

Arriving near England, the Englishmen aboard insisted on being set ashore. They had been engaged for the summer only, and winter was approaching. On November 7, the *Half-Moon* put in at Dartmouth. Hudson sent to Amsterdam a report of his voyage, and asked for more supplies and men.

The Dutch merchants ordered Hudson to report himself in Holland. They were plainly dissatisfied, since the navigator's western voyage had been made in contradiction of the orders he had received to seek the Indies by the Northeast Passage.

The news of Hudson's discovery of the fertile Hudson Valley, with a wide and navigable estuary, had greatly excited the English merchants. They were annoyed that the expedition had been under the Dutch flag, and appealed to James I to compel the English navigator to remain in the service of England. Hudson was ready enough to do so, especially as the Dutch merchants were unwilling to grant him complete liberty of action.

Under the Muscovy Company, the *Discoverie* was fitted up, and Hudson set sail again on April 10, 1610, to continue his search for the strait suggested by Captain John Smith. He kept well to the north. From Florida to Chesapeake the Spaniards had found no strait. In Chesapeake Bay, Smith had exhausted the possibilities. From Chesapeake to Maine, Hudson had explored the coast himself. The French had failed to find any opening in Acadia or St. Lawrence Gulf and River. If a strait there should prove to be, it must lie further to the north. Hudson spent the summer of 1610 along the Labrador coast.

Then came apparent triumph. The continent of North America came to an end. A great land (Baffin Land) stretched to the north. Between them lay a narrow opening. The strait was found at last!

Hudson sailed in, to find before him a great arm of the sea, a hundred miles wide and five hundred miles long, that stretch of water now known as Hudson Strait. For many days he sailed to the

westward, his heart beating ever higher and higher in hope. Daily, even hourly, he searched for a great sea—the Sea of Verrazano—to open to the southward. He slept on the deck, his ears half-open for the watchman's hail.

Came joy unbounded! He found the sea he sought! Round the point now called Cape Wostenholme, he saw what seemed to be a boundless ocean before him. Triumphantly, he sailed southward down this great sea (Hudson Bay) for over seven hundred miles until he came to its southern shore at 52°, almost the same latitude as Amsterdam.

It is not surprising that the navigator should have taken Hudson Bay to be a sea, for, with Fox Channel, it is nearly as large as the Mediterranean; nor is it surprising that he should have believed it to open westward into the Pacific Ocean, for Hudson Bay is over five hundred miles wide, and lies west of the longitude of Peru.

Hudson had hoped, by sailing southward, to escape the clutch of an Arctic winter. When he reached James Bay, at the same latitude as Amsterdam, he had reason to expect free water and a season not too rigorous. The climatic terrors of a northern land-locked bay were unknown. He was soon to learn them.

Floe ice and pack ice surrounded the hapless *Discoverie*. There was no escape to the north, the frozen land lay to the south. From November 3, 1610, to June 18, 1611, the ship was held fast.

THE HALF MOON

A model of Henry Hudson's ship, *The Half Moon*. In this little ship scarcely larger than a small yacht and with a crew of but 18 men, Hudson explored the coast from Maine to Delaware.

HUDSON INTERVIEWS THE INDIANS OF MANHATTAN

Hudson later entered the employ of the Dutch East India Company and on his first voyage sailed up the Hudson, to the site of Albany. His good reports of the country aroused the Dutch to further trading and colonizing efforts.

VAN DER DONCK'S MAP OF NEW NETHERLANDS 1656

This map shows the ultimate results of the Dutch "patronships" established under the direction of the Dutch West India Company and the later Dutch Governors, ending with the rule of Peter Stuyvesant.

No one could have imagined such thickness of ice in the middle of summer. The crew had not counted on any such frigid imprisonment as this, and mutinied secretly. The sailors determined that, as soon as the ice should break, they would sail for England whether their commander were willing or no.

When the ship was released, Hudson insisted on following the shore to the westward, expecting at any moment to see the land turn sharply southward and thus form the western shore of North America. There was, as yet, no knowledge of the Rocky Mountains barrier. There was reason to expect that the shore by which he was sailing would presently join the shore near the mouth of the Columbia River, where Drake had landed.

The men mutinied openly. Under the lead of Henry Green, Hudson's secretary, they seized the navigator and his young son, and cruelly set them adrift upon that waste of unknown waters, with seven sick men and scarcely any food. They were never heard of more.

Green and some other of the ringleaders were slain by Indians on the way home, but the *Discoverie* reached England at last. They told their story to the officers of the Muscovy Company and the survivors were thrown into jail as mutineers. Rescue expeditions were dispatched under Butler, in 1612; under Gibbons, in 1613; and under Baffin, in 1614. These daring navigators explored Hudson Bay thoroughly and proved that there was no

westward strait, but found no sign of Hudson or his men.

The Dutch East India Company had objected to Hudson's voyage to the west and therefore had taken no advantage of his discoveries. Other Dutch traders were not so scrupulous. As early as 1610, some bluff-bowed vessels from the Netherlands made their way to Hudson River, which they called the Prince Maurice or Mauritius River. More followed in 1611. By 1612 the Dutch had established permanent posts on the sites of the old French forts at Manhattan and Albany. Among the principal traders were Hendrick Christiansen and Adriaen Block.

In 1613, Captain Samuel Argall, on his way back from destroying the French settlements in Acadia, sailed through the Narrows to investigate a report of Dutch intrusion on the Hudson River. England and Holland were at peace, but Argall ordered Christiansen to haul down the Dutch flag and to run up an English one instead. Christiansen obeyed without protest. No sooner was Argall's ship out of sight, however, than the Dutch flag was run up again, and there remained. This incident of the flags had an important effect on New England history, later.

In the autumn of 1613, Block's ship, the *Tiger*, but recently arrived from Holland, took fire and was burned to the water's edge. Undaunted, Block built himself a small sloop, which he named the *Onrust* (Restless). Next spring he sailed in

this tiny craft through Hell Gate, along Long Island Sound, explored the Connecticut River as far as the present site of Hartford, called at Block Island—which still bears his name—and explored Narragansett Bay. Thence he passed by Texel (Martha's Vineyard) and Vlieland (Nantucket), round Cape Cod and across Massachusetts Bay to Pye Bay (Nahant). This voyage of the little *Onrust* was destined to have important results.

Two parties struggled for supremacy in the Netherlands, the Flemish and the Dutch. The Flemish, refugees from Belgium, were warlike and aggressive, eager to drive out the last vestige of Spanish power; they were headed by William Usselincx. The Dutch, having the political control, wanted to be sure of keeping it by maintaining peace; their leader was John of Olden Barneveld.

The Flemish were ardent colonists. Through the exertions of Usselincx an Ordinance was passed in 1614, giving trade monopolies to discoverers of unoccupied lands. By Block's voyage in the *Onrust,* a group of merchants associated with him secured exclusive trading and colonization rights from the Upper Delaware as far north as the present Canadian border.

There were thus three different countries which claimed this same territory. Elizabeth of England had given it to Raleigh, and James I later had turned it over to the Plymouth Company. Louis XIII had included it in the grant to the

Marquise de Guercheville. The provinces of Holland and Friesland assigned rights of occupancy to Dutch traders. Such a rivalry was bound to bring on war.

Chief of the early settlements established by the Dutch on the Hudson was Fort Nassau. Jacob Elkens was placed in command and he made an alliance with the Mohawks in 1618 by promising to sell them firearms to use against the French. The shots from Champlain's arquebuss were beginning to bear their fatal fruit.

The year following, John of Olden Barneveld, head of the Dutch peace party, was beheaded for treason. Usselincx urged on Flemish colonization. The trading posts developed into colonies.

This was not at all to England's liking. In the spring of 1620, Sir Fernando Gorges of the Plymouth Company sent Captain Dermer to the Hudson River. Dermer, politely but firmly, informed the Dutch traders that they were on land which belonged to the Plymouth Company. The Dutch reply was that, while they did not wish to give offense, they held that occupation gave the right of possession.

As soon as Dermer's report was received in England, the Council for New England was formed, which secured a royal grant for all the territory between 40° and 48°, including both New Netherland and New France. This done, England officially advised Holland that the Dutch were trespassing on English territory. Holland replied

in a manner that might have brought on war, had it not been that neither government was sufficiently stable at the time to risk combat with a powerful rival.

In 1623, the actual Dutch colonization of America was begun, under the direction of the Dutch West India Company. The *New Netherland* brought 100 colonists in the spring of that year. These divided into six groups, at New Amsterdam, at Fort Orange (near Albany), at Fort Nassau II (near Philadelphia), at Fort Good Hope (near Hartford, Connecticut), on Staten Island, and on Wallabout Bay (the Brooklyn Navy Yard). The first Governor was Cornelius Jacobsen May.

This scattering had been done in the expectation of the arrival of ship-loads of colonists. Few came. The settlers were recalled to New Amsterdam. In 1624 May was superseded by William Verhulst, and in 1625 he gave place to Peter Minuit, the strongest figure of early Dutch colonial history in America.

Minuit's arrival coincided with two important changes in Europe. The first was the death of James I of England, the second was the death of Prince Maurice of Orange, ruler of the Netherlands, a few weeks later. Charles I signed the Treaty of Southampton with Prince Frederick of Orange, providing that both countries should maintain fleets to prey upon Spain, and that the ports of each nation should be open to the ships of the other. This was followed in 1627 by a

proclamation giving the Dutch full right to trade anywhere with England and her dependencies. While New Netherland was not thus recognized, the trading rights of the Dutch in America were permitted.

Minuit's first action was judicious. He bought from the Manhattan Indians (of the Lenapé Confederacy) all title to Manhattan Island for a supply of beads and ribbons to the value of sixty guilders (equivalent to $120 in modern money). A fort was built (near Bowling Green). East of it ran a straggling row of log-houses, accommodating about 200 people. A couple of farms or bouweries lay north of this and the primeval forest was entered where the heart of New York is now.

During the ten years 1620–1630, while the Dutch colony of New Netherland advanced so slowly, the English colony of New England had gone by leaps and bounds. The English pressed closer and closer to the Dutch settlements and did not fail to remind Minuit that he was an intruder. The Dutch governor retained courteous relations with the governor of New England and continued to build up his colony. The remarkable success of the Dutch on the high seas, when they smashed one Spanish fleet after another, also maintained the prestige of Holland in the eyes of the Puritans of New England.

Emigration to New Netherland was slow. As soon as the gripe of Spain was withdrawn from

Holland and Belgium, those countries became prosperous. The farmers were content to stay where they were. Since the Netherlands permitted complete religious toleration, there were no persecuted refugees eager to escape to another land.

In order to stimulate colonization, the Dutch West India Company established "patroonships." This type of government was a form of feudal system, somewhat after the Maryland pattern. A patroonship was granted to any person who, within four years after the year 1629, should bring fifty adults to New Netherland at his own expense, clear the farm-land for his tenants, build houses and barns, and provide cattle, seed-grain and farm utensils out of his own pocket. In return for this expenditure of capital, the patroon was granted sixteen miles of river frontage, either on the Hudson, Delaware or other navigable stream, the property running back into the country indefinitely. The holdings of the tenants were supposed to be large and the Company undertook to provide the patroons with negro slaves as rapidly as possible.

The fates of the three principal patroonships may be told briefly:

Godyn and Blommaert, two of the directors, and Captain De Vries, took up what is now the State of Delaware. Their purpose was the whale fishery. Famine and Indian massacre destroyed the colony and when De Vries came out in 1632 with supplies and more men, he found nothing

but the bones of the former colonists remaining. The project was abandoned.

Michael Pauw, also a director, secured for himself all Staten Island and the south shore of the Hudson, inclusive of the present sites of Hoboken and Jersey City. This patroonship lasted for seven years, always under threats of Indian raids. It was difficult to get tenants. The estate did not pay expenses and Pauw resold it to the Company for a price lower than the money he had spent on it during those seven years.

Very different was the success of Kilian van Rensselaer, an Amsterdam lapidary of much wealth, who secured for his patroonship the land now contained in Albany and Rensselaer Counties. He took the precaution of making friends with the Mohawks, and paying them for the land. He secured for his colonists an excellent body of farmers, and the estate throve. His descendants were for many years among the most important and wealthy settlers of the Hudson Valley.

The patroon system had one serious weakness. It was designed as an agricultural plan only, and the patroons were forbidden from engaging in the fur trade, which was expressly reserved as the monopoly of the Company. The patroons saw that there was more money in fur-trading than in crops, and could not be stopped from dealing with the Indians. Minuit was accused of favoring the patroons rather than the Company. He denied the charge, but the dwindling of the Company's

fur receipts was an unanswerable argument, and, in 1632, Governor Minuit was recalled.

He sailed in March of that year in the *Eendragt* (Union). A storm drove the vessel into Plymouth Harbor, where her captain was at once arrested for illegal trading with English dominions in America. Minuit was detained on the charge that his colony, with its agricultural patroonships, could not be construed as a trading post.

A vigorous diplomatic controversy ensued, in which, for the first time, the Dutch claim to New Netherland was squarely made. England finally refused to admit Holland's jurisdiction, but allowed the Dutch to remain if they would agree to become English subjects. Minuit was released. The *Eendragt* was permitted to proceed to New Amsterdam, her valuable cargo of beaver skins untouched.

With the close of Minuit's governorship, the colony of New Netherland entered upon a new phase, belonging to colonial expansion rather than colonial planting. Of the governorships of Wouter van Twiller, sometimes called "the Doubter," of William Kieft "the Wasp" and of the choleric one-legged Peter Stuyvesant, who held the difficult post for seventeen hard years, there is much to be told. The Dutch controlled the Hudson River Valley for over fifty years and laid the foundation of a sturdy stock of whose achievements in the centuries to come, America would be justly proud.

CHAPTER X

WANDERINGS OF THE PILGRIMS

New England! How much the words mean in American history! Yet how different is America from that New England which the Pilgrims and the Puritans established! The somber figure of the Puritan has largely overshadowed the kindlier figure of the Pilgrim, but it was the Pilgrim who showed the way hither.

The United States was mainly formed of a mingling of "Virginia" and New England. The earliest home of Englishmen in the New World was in Virginia. During the colonial period, Virginia led. In the struggle for independence Virginia took a principal part. The first president of the United States was a Virginian.

Yet the government, the laws and the customs of the United States are more reminiscent of New England than of Virginia. The abolition of caste is a northern feature rather than a southern. Religiously regarded, the position of the United States, with its hundreds of conflicting sects, resembles neither the intolerance of New England nor the state church position of Virginia; its toler-

ance springs rather from individualism than from autocracy and has taken character from both.

As briefly as may be, it must be told how the Pilgrims and Puritans came to be. It has already been shown how the English Church severed itself from the Roman Catholic Church, and became simultaneously both a Catholic and a Protestant Church, retaining Catholic rites with Protestant ways of thinking.

This appeared to be an unhappy compromise to the extremists of both parties. Neither was satisfied. Of the two groups, the ultra-Protestants were the more discontent. They objected to outward signs of church worship, they attacked the authority of bishops, and they held that all people who did not lead godly lives should be expelled from the Church. They took, also, the still more sweeping ground that neither the Crown, the magistrates nor the Church had any right to dictate to any man in religious matters.

In those days, such a position was regarded as treason. Even Parliament—which was strongly Protestant in character—was compelled to repel so revolutionary a movement. It enacted that anyone who denied the authority of the Queen in ecclesiastical cases or who should frequent non-authorized churches, should be imprisoned, and, if stubborn, should lose his house and lands and be banished.

At first, the ultra-Protestants—who came to be known as Puritans—did not wish to break away

from the Church, but rather to reform it. There was an extreme group in this party, however, which went much further. They opposed any and every form of church government. They held that each congregation should be a separate unit and should think and do as it pleased. These men were known as Separatists and from their ranks the Pilgrim Fathers came.

It was around the head of a most extraordinary man that the storm first broke. This was "Trouble-Church" Browne, a man of good family and learning, possessed of considerable wealth and only happy when he was being talked about. He was educated at Cambridge University, but refused to be ordained by a bishop or to take the money of the state for preaching. He went to the town of Norwich and preached to a congregation there, living on his own means.

In 1583 "The Church of the Very Forward" was organized in Norwich, a town filled with Dutch refugees who had fled from the Spanish Inquisition. Many of these refugees were Anabaptists, a sect of violent Separatists from Europe, bitterly hated by all other Protestants. Several of the Anabaptists joined "The Church of the Very Forward."

Browne traveled all over Norfolk, becoming more and more violent as he went. He possessed a logical mind but an appalling fluency in vituperation. He had a viper's tongue. "His curses on Queen and Church," wrote a contemporary,

"make the very street-ruffians shudder." He was twice imprisoned, but was released at the request of Lord Burghley, who was his kinsman.

From England he went to Holland, where a small group of the most extreme English Separatists had gathered, under Cartwright. There Browne's extravagant violence passed beyond all bounds. He announced that every member of a church had the right to examine and criticize the private life of every other member, to decide whether he or she were a saint or no. Some fanatics tried to follow his advice. A cyclone of scandal, spite and abuse broke loose. The congregation went to pieces immediately.

Then Browne took to writing Separatist books of a most inflammatory and treasonable character. These were printed in Holland and shipped to England. Two of his friends were hanged for circulating them.

After a while Browne got tired of Holland. Wishing to return to England he changed his opinions, recanted, agreed to obey the Church of England, and was allowed to come home. He broke out again, however, and was arrested. When warned that he might be hanged if he continued this violence, Browne agreed to become ordained and lived for thirty years afterwards as a parish clergyman of the Church of England. This abandonment by their leader was a terrible blow to the Separatists of England, who had prided themselves on being called "Brownists."

Very different in character were the next leaders of the movement, Henry Barrow and John Greenwood. Of their sincerity there was never any question. Barrow spent most of his life in prison, but wrote continuously. Greenwood directed a congregation in Southwark, London, until he also was thrown into jail for attacking the Queen.

Both men were tried and sentenced to death. Elizabeth refused to allow them to be hanged. Barrow and Greenwood mistook the royal clemency for weakness. They issued some more pamphlets, so revolutionary, so seditious and so gross in their accusations that they could not be overlooked. Elizabeth gave her consent, and both men were hanged. The Queen regretted her decision, however, and said to the bishops who had urged the sentence,

"My Lords, it is a sad matter when good men are put to death in my realm!"

She never permitted any execution of Separatists thereafter.

The Queen's combined pity and sternness had their effect. Browne had conformed. Barrow and Greenwood were dead. Two of the colporteurs of seditious literature had been hanged. A third confessed and received the royal pardon. The most unyielding members had emigrated to Holland.

When Elizabeth died, in 1603, the Separatists hoped to find a milder monarch in James I. They

were mistaken. The Stuart king feared the new sect, and, like most weak men, he loved to bully the weaker. At the Hampton Court Conference, he announced,

"I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of this land, or else worse."

The exodus of the Pilgrim Fathers was the direct result of this policy of James I.

Several small communities of Separatists had developed in a small triangle of country where the counties of Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire and Lincolnshire join. The most important was at Scrooby. Richard Clyfton was its pastor, John Robinson its teacher, William Brewster its elder and William Bradford its strongest layman. From this congregation the Pilgrim Fathers came. A second group, which also played a part in the history of America, was at Gainsborough, and John Smyth was its pastor.

The troubles of the Separatists grew heavier and heavier. The Puritans did not love them. The Presbyterians regarded them as a thorn in the flesh. The Church persecuted them. The magistrates suspected them as traitors. They sent a petition to James I, but the King curtly answered that if they would not conform "they must dispose of themselves and their families some other ways."

Exile became compulsory. Holland was beckoning them. There were two Separatist congregations in Amsterdam. One was the "Ancient

Church of English Exiles," founded in 1594 from Greenwood's congregation and Barrow's friends. The other was a group, under Francis Johnson, which had sailed from England in 1597, with the intention of colonizing Newfoundland, but which had been attacked by pirates and had turned towards home; knowing that they would not be permitted to land in England, these Separatists had sailed for Holland.

Flight from Scrooby and from Gainsborough was more easy to decide upon than to accomplish. It was a life and death matter. In order to leave England, a royal license was necessary. James I was not anxious to be gracious to a sect he hated. The Pilgrims of Scrooby did not dare to ask for a license, but, in 1607, determined to flee secretly.

They arranged with an English captain to meet them at a small fishing village not far from Boston, in Lincolnshire. Selling all that they could not carry, and becoming "pilgrims and wanderers upon the earth," they set forth. They were so afraid of being late that they arrived at Boston several days too early. The captain did not appear until a week after the date appointed.

This fortnight's delay was expensive, and, what was worse, dangerous. It excited suspicion. The people of Boston asked who these people could be, who could give no account of themselves and seemed to be waiting for something, what, they would not say.

When the captain finally arrived, he learned of

THE PILGRIMS ON THE MAYFLOWER

From the decoration in the Boston State House by Henry Oliver Walker.

THE PILGRIMS ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE TO HOLLAND

Fortunately for the Pilgrims, Bradford was one of those who escaped from the officers of the crown and reached the Dutch ship and from Holland was able to make better arrangements for assisting those who remained behind to follow him.

From a painting by George H. Broughton R.A.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING IN AMERICA

Scarcely had the Pilgrims landed when a few gathered together, gave earnest thanks for safe deliverance from the perils of the sea, and asked a blessing upon their new colony.

this talk. He realized the risk he was running in carrying suspected persons who had no license to leave. As soon as the Pilgrims were all on board, he turned back into the harbor, betrayed the would-be exiles to the authorities, and the Pilgrims were led through the streets of Boston in derision.

The Boston magistrates, however, were inclined towards Puritanism rather than towards the Church. They treated the Pilgrims with as little harshness as the laws would allow. They could not allow them to sail without a royal license, of course, and they had no right to give such. So, putting Bradford, Brewster and five other of the leaders in prison, the magistrates released the rest.

This might be merciful, but it was but a moderate sort of mercy. It left the Scrooby men and women to wander homeless on the Lincolnshire fens during a severe winter. Some of the townsfolk of Boston and some of the country-folk of the fens took pity on these hapless refugees and gave them shelter and food, in charity. Nevertheless, many died.

In the spring of 1608, another attempt was made. This time, the contract was made with a Dutch captain, who would not be tempted to betray them to the English authorities. In order to avoid reawakening suspicion in Boston, the place chosen for the embarkation was a lonely moor-

land shore on the Humber, between Grimsby and Hull.

The men marched the weary miles on foot, sleeping in the open, for they dared not ask for shelter, lest the alarm should be raised. Their only aim was a desire to worship in their own way, their only crime was an attack upon the way that others worshiped. Yet, for this, they were stealing across the fens like hunted criminals, fearing that every cottage light might be a signal to their foes, that every hoof-beat on the road might be bringing news of the betrayal of their plans.

The women and children were sent off in a small sailing boat, that they might reach the embarking point with less fatigue. But the day was stormy, the sea was rough and most of the women were seasick. They begged for a quiet night's sleep.

The boatmen were unwilling, for they were responsible for the safe arrival of their charges, but the women were in such distress that they agreed. In order to be well hidden, they ran the boat up a narrow creek in the muddy fen country, a creek up which none of the boatmen had ever been.

When the tide went down, the boat rested on the mud. Heavily laden, she sank into the sucking ooze so deeply that, at the next high tide, she did not rise. The mud gripped her fast. The water rose over the gunwales, ruining most of the provisions which had been prepared for the voy-

age and soaking many of the bundles which contained the Pilgrims' all.

This caused a fatal delay. The Dutch skipper arrived at the appointed spot, just at dawn, for he knew that he was carrying a dangerous cargo, and did not want to wait off shore a second longer than was necessary to board his passengers.

But the women and the children were not there!

In all haste, he sent one of his boats away to fetch the laggards, which left him with but one boat to transfer the other passengers to his ship from the shore.

He had just taken the first boat-load aboard when he saw a strong body of horsemen come galloping over the hill.

Not wanting to be clapped into prison, the Dutch skipper recalled his boats, hoisted anchor, made sail and stood away, just as the King's officers reached the beach. They waved a paper and beckoned him to return, but the Dutch skipper threw a piece of canvas over his stern, so that the name of his vessel could not be read, and headed for the choppy waters of the North Sea. The weather was ugly and speedily developed into a storm, which drove the little craft to the coast of Norway, where she was all but wrecked, but, after much delay, she reached Amsterdam in safety.

The officers were unable to do anything. They could not arrest the Pilgrims who had not em-

barked, for as yet they had done nothing illegal. They were compelled to return to Boston, while those of the men who had been left behind went to the rescue of the women and children, still waiting by their water-logged boat stuck in a muddy creek.

Fortunately for the Pilgrims, Bradford was one of those who had reached the Dutch ship, and, from Holland, he was able to make better arrangements for the journey. Most of the Pilgrims who remained were plundered of all they had, or were compelled to sell even their spare clothing to buy food. Finally, by the kindly blindness of the Boston magistrates, all the surviving members of the Scrooby congregation made their way to Holland, although penniless.

The Gainsborough congregation emigrated without any such disasters. Its pastor, John Smyth, had been a clergyman of the Church until a couple of years before, and was not as well known as a Separatist. The emigrants were fewer in number and less conspicuous. They reached Amsterdam in the summer of 1608, while Bradford was trying to collect the scattered members of the Scrooby flock.

The Pilgrims decided not to join the "Ancient Church of English Exiles," but continued their own congregation under the pastorate of John Robinson. For this independence they were soon devoutly thankful.

Soon after their arrival the controversy over

the minister's wife's hat arose. This proved more important than so trifling a matter would suggest. It led to the coming of Pilgrims to America.

Francis Johnson was pastor of the Ancient Church when the Pilgrims arrived. A short time before their coming, he had married a widow. The lady preferred gayer colors in her dresses than most of the godly Separatists approved.

One Sunday, Mistress Johnson appeared in the meeting house with a velvet hat. The council of the church discussed the matter gravely and solemnly, and finally gave a decision that the hat was too "topish" or showy. Johnson defended his wife. The quarrel raged for three years, and finally the church split over the hat, the stricter party, under Ainsworth, forming a congregation of its own.

The Johnson congregation played a minor part in American colonization. Blackwall became pastor on the death of Johnson in 1618, and undertook to lead his flock to Virginia. He took ship with his fellow-members to London, but the Separatists were promptly arrested, not having a license to sail. The Virginia Company did not want any religious quarreling in Jamestown, and told those who wished to go that they must submit to the bishops.

A few did so, since they had abandoned their homes in Holland, and England would neither allow them to land nor permit them to sail. "Having secured the blessing of the Archbishop

by ill means," as one of their leaders said, they grew ashamed of themselves and began to quarrel violently with each other. The Company had little interest in them, the bishops sneered at them, their fellow-passengers despised them. They left London ill-led and worse equipped. Many died of disease or hunger before reaching Virginia. The few that survived found themselves regarded with suspicion and aversion, and were eventually absorbed.

The Gainsborough congregation fared little better under the leadership of its eccentric pastor John Smyth. He reached the point, at last, of declaring the English translation of the Bible to be useless, and openly asserted that no one who had not read it in the original Hebrew and Greek could be sure of salvation. He became a violent opponent of Calvinism, which cost him most of his members and his church fell to pieces.

Pastor Johnson's wife's hat and Smyth's attack on the English version of the Bible caused an entire change of plan on the part of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their pastor, John Robinson, was the ablest and most sincerely spiritual man of all the leaders of the English Separatists in Amsterdam. That godly men should worry more over a woman's hat than about their faith was more than he could stand. He decided to shake the dust of Amsterdam off his feet.

In February, 1609, Robinson sent a petition

signed by one hundred of his followers to the burgomaster of the city of Leyden, asking permission to settle there. As the Pilgrims were known to be good men and honest workers, the petition was granted and the Scrooby congregation left Amsterdam.

Between Amsterdam and Leyden there was an enormous difference. Leyden was famous for its learning and its progressiveness. In the year that the Pilgrims went there, public free schools were organized (free schools were not organized in England for more than a century later). There was a wide equality in franchise. Toleration prevailed both in political and religious matters. There was freedom of speech and freedom of letters. Idleness was regarded as shameful, the richest burgher worked as hard as the poorest laborer.

Leyden thus presented to the eyes of the Pilgrims a condition more advanced than any English city of that time. In England, all education was still in the hands of the Church. Neither political or religious toleration prevailed under James I. The censorship of all printed matter was a prerogative of the Crown. Local appointments were by royal favor. The aristocracy of England was a landed aristocracy, and lived upon its rents and holdings.

When, later, the Pilgrim Fathers came to settle in a new land, they brought with them rather the customs of the land in which they had dwelt peacefully for ten years than those of the land from

which they had been exiled. Plymouth was not all Dutch, nor yet all English, but a blend of the two.

Yet Leyden was not a perfect abiding place. The climate did not suit the English immigrants. There was no land to spare for the Scrooby farmers, who had been compelled to become artisans, or even laborers. The guilds of the Dutch merchants were close corporations, which did not admit foreigners on an equal basis.

The Pilgrims had a greater fault to find with Leyden than all these. Their children were becoming Dutch. In their own phrase: "The children were getting the reins off their necks and departing from their parents."

The Dutch Sunday, too, was a trial to them. In Holland, the standard of morality was high and the people were industrious; hence they saw no harm in innocent amusement. In England under the Stuarts, the standard of morality was low and laziness was widespread; hence the Pilgrim Fathers had been brought up to regard any amusement as sinful. To use their own words again: "the children preferred to play than to behave in godly wise."

Again Robinson urged a move. The Twelve Years' Truce with Spain was coming to an end. Leyden, near the sea, might catch the worst of the storm. A Catholic reaction in Germany had already set aflame that religious hatred which soon was to blaze into the dreadful Thirty Years' War.

The Pilgrim Fathers decided to depart from Holland.

Robinson opened correspondence with both the London and the Plymouth Companies, controlling "Virginia" and "Northern Virginia" respectively. In 1617 the London Company offered them a grant on condition that they should take the Oath of Allegiance, which included acceptance of the Crown as authority in religious matters. It was to avoid this very oath that the Pilgrims had exiled themselves from their own land.

Robinson drew up a Declaration of Faith which was so cleverly worded as to seem an agreement, though it was not. James I, known as "the wisest fool in Christendom," saw the weak point at once. Through the Privy Council he put this pointed question:

"Who shall make your ministers?"

To this, even Robinson could not make a suitable answer, for the Pilgrims were Congregationalists and denied the authority of bishops.

Finally, by a very roundabout method, a patent was granted to them through John Whincop. The royal consent was not given, but James I declared that he would not molest the emigrants, if they lived at peace with their neighbors. While this plan was under discussion, a certain Thomas Weston came to Leyden, bringing a grant from the London Company to the Merchant Adventurers, under the name of John Pierce. The Whincop offer lapsed.

Weston's part in the affair is hard to untangle. Tradition states that he was secretly acting for the Plymouth Company (Council of New England) while outwardly working for the London Company. The Pilgrims concluded an arrangement with the Merchant Adventurers, with Weston as go-between.

Briefly, the plan was based on the cost of transportation to America. It cost ten pounds to send each emigrant, and each man who went was rated at one share. Each ten pounds subscribed also counted as one share. For seven years the colonists were to be fed and clothed out of the common stock and, during that time, the product of all their labors should be paid in to that stock. At the end of the seven years, the property was to be divided, each member, whether colonist or capitalist, receiving according to the number of his shares.

To modern ideas it seems strange to value seven years of the life of such a man as William Bradford as worth ten pounds, and still more unfair to make no difference between Governor and unskilled laborer. Yet, in the light of those times, it seemed fair enough. The history of Virginia was a long record of investments which brought nothing in return. As for the Pilgrims, any system which guaranteed transportation and seven year's food seemed satisfactory, at first.

When all was ready, when many of the exiles had sold their houses and abandoned their businesses, the leaders of the Pilgrims learned that

Weston was tricking them, and that the Merchant Adventurers had changed the conditions. It was too late to retreat.

In July, 1620, in an unseaworthy ship, the *Speedwell,* the first detachment of the Pilgrims sailed from Delft Haven. They went direct to London, where some English Separatists were awaiting them in the *Mayflower,* a ship which had been chartered by the Merchant Adventurers.

On their arrival in London the Pilgrim colonists learned of the changes which had been made at the last moment. Many refused to go. Weston grew angry at this interference in his secret plots and refused to have anything further to do with the Pilgrims, bidding them "stand on their own legs."

After they had collected every penny possible, the Pilgrims were still lacking a hundred pounds of the funds needed to allow the ships to get away. They were compelled to sell most of the cargo of butter and cheese they had brought from Holland, part of which they had intended to use for food, and part of which was set aside for the purchase of arms and ammunition. Thus meagerly supplied, they set out from London.

The *Speedwell* was unfit for a long voyage. The two ships were compelled to put in at Dartmouth. After some repairs were made, they set out again. But the *Speedwell* soon sprang another leak, and, after having reached 300 miles out to sea, the Pilgrims were forced to put back to Plymouth.

Accusations were not lacking that the *Speedwell's* accidents were deliberate, but these were never proved. It was decided to leave the unseaworthy craft behind.

Exactly 102 persons crowded into the *Mayflower,* a craft of some 180 tons. The vessel had been bought cheaply and was none too seaworthy. Less than a dozen of her passengers belonged to the old Scrooby Congregation. Only thirty-five have been identified as belonging to the Leyden Group. Most of the colonists joined in England, among which settlers were Priscilla Mullins and John Alden, romantic figures of early New England life. John Carver was in charge. Captain Miles Standish, a professional soldier of fortune, was military commander.

It was on September 6, 1620, that the *Mayflower* set out on her historic voyage, much too late in the year for such a desperate venture as awaited them. Yet that little vessel, with her 102 colonists, was destined to become the most famous ship in American history. Many other vessels crossed the Atlantic, both before and after, with men as resolute aboard, yet the names of the ships are forgotten. The glory of the *Mayflower* remains.

CHAPTER XI

ON RUGGED PLYMOUTH SHORE

Although the sailing of the *Mayflower* was a decisive date in the founding of New England, it is not to be thought that the Pilgrims were the first colonists in those parts, still less the discoverers of the region.

As early as 1602, Gilbert and Gosnold reached Maine with 60 colonists, with the intention of making a permanent colony and persuading Elizabeth to give them a grant from the land given to Raleigh, that courtier being out of favor. But the *Concord* found so rich a cargo of sassafras wood and furs that the colonists returned with the ship to get their share of the gains.

In 1603, Martin Pring went with two ships to "Whitson Bay" (probably Plymouth Harbor) and returned in the autumn with a cargo of sassafras wood. In 1605 a most important voyage of exploration was made by Captain George Waymouth in the *Archangel,* the St. George River being discovered and mapped. These voyages were the basis on which the Plymouth Company was organized, and determined the character of the double Charter of 1606.

In the autumn of that year Pring discovered the Sagadahoc (Kennebec) River, his reports of which were so glowing that the Popham colony was sent there the following year. This group of settlers formed the first colonization of North Virginia.

Two vessels, the *Gift of God* and the *Mary and John* were sent on this expedition. The former was commanded by Captain George Popham, a nephew of Sir John Popham, the leader of the Plymouth Company; the latter was commanded by Captain Raleigh Gilbert, son of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. They sailed from Plymouth on June 1, 1607, with over a hundred settlers on board.

A short distance beyond the Azores, the ships were separated in a violent storm. The *Mary and John* was driven north of Nova Scotia, but on August 7 she reached a small island of the St. George group, which had been agreed upon as a rendezvous. The *Gift of God* arrived at the point twelve hours later. This ability of English navigators to hold a course with such exactitude is of great importance in relation to the *Mayflower's* voyage, thirteen years later.

On August 16, 1607, after visiting a tribe of Indians which Waymouth had encountered, and after exploring the Pemaquid River, the two ships arrived at the Sagadahoc River and a site for the colony was chosen. One ship's crew and half the colonists were set at building a fort, the others were engaged in trading furs, in gathering mus-

sel-pearls and in cutting the much-desired sassafras wood.

The *Mary and John* returned in October, with urgent letters asking for more supplies as soon as possible, the *Gift of God* sailed two months later. She bore a letter from George Popham, giving some extraordinary misinformation about the country. Among other errors he wrote:

"So far as relates to commerce, all the natives constantly affirm that in these parts there are nutmegs, mace and cinnamon, besides pitch, Brazil wood, cochineal and ambergris. . . . Besides, they positively assure me that there is a certain sea in the western or opposite part of this province, distant not more than seven days' journey from our fort of St. George in Sagadahoc, a sea large and wide and deep, of the boundaries of which they are wholly ignorant, which cannot be any other than the Southern Sea, reaching to the regions of China, which unquestionably cannot be far from these parts."

It is evident that the route to the Spice Islands and China was as eager a quest in the days of the Plymouth Company as in the days of Columbus more than a century before. The reference to "nutmegs, mace and cinnamon" was in the highest degree absurd, for these are tropical products; Popham had not yet found out what a New England winter was like. The Indian reference to the sea was undoubtedly "Big Water," as Lake Superior was called.

The summer had been warm and the autumn balmy, justifying all the praises showered on the climate by earlier explorers. None of these had stayed through a Maine winter. It never occurred to the English to imagine that a climate which was so much hotter than their own in summer could be so much colder in the winter. Their houses were poorly constructed and the huge open fireplaces consumed an enormous amount of fuel while giving out but little heat.

The winter of 1607 was one of the coldest on record. In North Virginia it was appalling. The boats were ice-bound, the settlers dare scarcely go out-of-doors. Scurvy added its terrors to exposure. Soon after Christmas, in the vain endeavor to warm the houses, a serious fire occurred, burning several huts and the store-house. Less than half the supply of food was saved. Even on short rations, famine was not far away.

George Popham, president of the Colony, already an old man, died soon after the fire. Captain Gilbert kept the men at work, got a little corn in trade with near-by villages of Indians, managed to maintain contentment in spite of the scanty food, and got a cargo of furs and woods ready.

The relief ship was late. It had been twice delayed when on the point of sailing, once by the death of Sir John Popham, the leader of the Plymouth Colony, a second time by the death of Sir John Gilbert, another of the leading partners.

A model of the *Mayflower* which shows clearly the small size of this craft and suggests how crowded she must have been with her one hundred and two passengers.

The *Mayflower* on a bleak November day in 1620 entered Provincetown Harbor. The exploration amid snow and ice for a proper site for the settlement then began.

THE DUNES OF PROVINCETOWN

When Standish landed from the *Mayflower* the bleakness of this barren and low lying land appalled him and two expeditions into the surrounding country convinced him that no good ground for settlement could there be found.

PILGRIM MEERSTEADS ALONG TOWN BROOK

The first homes of the Pilgrims were built along the south side of Leyden Street and the gardens ran down to Town Brook. This view shows the sloping lay of the land. In this more pleasant land the Pilgrims found their homestead.

This was sorry news. Captain Gilbert—now Sir Raleigh Gilbert—was compelled to go to England, and this left the colonists without any leader. One third of their number had died. None of the rest wished to stay. They embarked upon the supply ships, waiting only long enough to put the furs and wood on board, and sailed for England.

Thus ended the northern colony upon the Sagadahoc.

Between 1608 and 1614 no effort was made toward recolonizing this section. The almost simultaneous deaths of the two Pophams and Gilbert robbed the Plymouth Company of its most ardent leaders. The returning Popham colonists had given out the impression that the coasts of North Virginia were so cold in winter as to be uninhabitable.

Yet, during these six years, the Dutch were pushing up the Hudson River Valley, and the French had proved in Acadia and Canada that settlements even further to the north could be maintained in winter. It was clear to the Plymouth Company that unless it took some action, all its land would be seized by foreigners.

In 1614, Captain John Smith and Captain Thomas Hunt were sent to fish, trade for furs and explore in northern Virginia. Smith, as was his nature, gave most of his time to exploration. He mapped the coasts thoroughly, and on his map the words "New England" first appear, in place

of "North Virginia," "Norumbega" or "Canada."

While his superior was away exploring, Captain Hunt took his smaller vessel, and kidnaped twenty-four Indians on Cape Cod. Setting sail at once, before Smith's return, he carried the Indians to Spain, where he sold all but one of them as slaves at a handsome profit. The remaining Indian, Tisquantum or Squanto, was to play an important part in the life of the Pilgrim Fathers.

On Smith's return, he was asked to enter the service of the Plymouth Company as "Admiral of New England," his pioneer experience being deemed invaluable for the selection of a healthful and sheltered site for a new colony. Two ships were equipped and he set sail in 1615 with a number of laborers and artisans aboard. A site was to be chosen, a fort built, and it was left to Smith's judgment whether a garrison should be left or not.

Adventure, however, had marked Captain John Smith for her own. His vessel was attacked and captured by the French. For many months Smith remained on board the enemy's vessel an honored prisoner, but still a prisoner. He was finally set free at Rochelle, and, though penniless, made his way back to England.

The other vessel of the expedition, under Captain Dormer, made her way successfully to New England. But Dormer was a sailor, not a pioneer. Considering himself unfitted for the important task of deciding on a proper site for a colony, he

waited until the autumn in the hope of Smith's reappearance, and then sailed for England with a cargo of furs.

The following year was marked by the sale of Rolfe's Virginia tobacco crop at a high price. The Plymouth Company remembered that Waymouth and other explorers of Northern Virginia had reported Indian tobacco fields in Maine. Sir Fernando Gorges, the new head of the Plymouth Company, sought a new charter, but he was attacked tooth and nail by the Virginia Company, which wanted to keep tobacco as a monopoly. Gorges sent out trading vessels which were little better than pirates and raided the ships and posts of Virginia.

In 1617 the ships secretly sent out by Gorges brought back strange news. A terrible pestilence had raged up and down the coasts of New England, slaying the Indians by hundreds. In the words of one captain "the coasts were void of inhabitants." Traders confirmed this news the year following. The time seemed ripe for New England colonization. In the spring of 1620 a charter was secured for the Council of New England, the name being taken from John Smith's map.

This charter was even more disregardful of the rights of others than even the famous charter of 1606. It bestowed on the Council of New England all the territory from 40° to 48°, or from Philadelphia to Newfoundland, and extended from sea to sea. It included the Dutch settlements on

the Delaware and the Hudson, French Acadia, and even that definitely settled French territory on the St. Lawrence of which Quebec was the key.

By no conceivable argument could James I have justified his grant under "the divine right of kings." He did not try to do so. Speaking for the King, Sir George Calvert, Secretary of State, claimed that all this territory belonged to England by right of conquest, the conqueror in the case being Sir Samuel Argall, who had demolished the French settlements on Mt. Desert and in Acadia and who had compelled the Dutch on the Hudson to run up an English flag.

Years of argument followed, years which gave to New England the time to develop in a manner wholly different from that which had been intended by the royal grant. The Council for New England was limited to forty members. It would have thriven from the start but for the fact that the Virginia Company was its open foe. Capital was held back from the investment, since, by a change in politics, the grant might be forfeited.

This handicap led the Council of New England to reimburse itself for the steady drain on its resources by selling patents of land. It was none too scrupulous in taking money for lands which had already been given to some one else, a matter all the easier in view of the confusion of New England geography. Its main desire was to get settlers on the land, and the Pilgrim Fathers

bid fair to be good colonists. All this lends color to the story that Weston, acting secretly for the Council of New England, was behind the following extraordinary series of events which attended the sailing of the *Mayflower*.

By a curious succession of accidents, in which the actions of the captain of the *Speedwell* play a part, the Pilgrim Fathers were delayed in starting. The year was far advanced when they left England and the little *Mayflower* ran into the severe autumnal gales. There was much sickness on the ship. One of the colonists died, but his place on the list of 102 was taken by a baby boy, born on the voyage, and christened "Oceanus" Hopkins.

The patent which the Pilgrim Fathers held through the Merchant Adventurers gave them land in the domain of the London Company, which controlled Virginia. Yet the *Mayflower* was navigated steadily to the north. On November 9, 1620, the Pilgrims caught sight of land, and, whether by accident or design, found themselves two days later amid the dangerous shoals and tide-rips between Cape Cod and Nantucket Island.

How did it happen that they were there? Why did they strike the coast of Massachusetts when supposed to be heading for Chesapeake Bay? It is difficult to believe that Captain Jones of the *Mayflower* could be so incredibly poor a navigator and so execrably bad a sailor as to be 500 miles out of his reckoning. Such an excuse is all the

more unlikely when it is remembered that, time after time, English vessels separated by storm had met at some exact rendezvous, only a few hours' difference between them.

There is strong suspicion that Captain Jones had made a secret arrangement with Weston, who, in turn, was acting privately for the Council of New England. The suspicion becomes all the stronger when it is noted that the *Mayflower,* trying to escape the shoals, sailed north instead of south, turned that great hook of land which is now known as Cape Cod, and ran into the sheltered stretch of water now known as Provincetown Harbor. There, on November 12, 1620 (November 22, New Style) the Pilgrim Fathers landed, and there their American history was begun.

One sight of that naked and wind-whipped shore of Cape Cod, seen at its worst in a bleak November wind, convinced the colonists that this was no haven of refuge, no mild tobacco-growing region such as they had planned to inhabit. They turned upon Captain Jones and bade him bring them to the port whither they were bound, to the land for which they had a grant.

The captain refused bluntly. He declared that the provisions were not sufficient, that his ship had been too much battered by the bad weather, and refused to take the responsibility of setting out to sea with a shipload of passengers, many of them women and more of them sick, in the

dead of winter. Such a reply suggests inevitably that Jones knew very well what he was doing, and never intended to take the *Mayflower* to Virginia at all.

It was a desperate situation for the Pilgrims. There they were, on a solitary and barren coast, hundreds of miles from any other white men, with no charter from the King, no patent for the region in which they found themselves, burdened with debt, pledged in advance to seven years' labor for others, short of food, harassed by a ship-captain who refused to take them to their proper port, and with a cold sleet falling—direful prophecy of the coming winter. None of the men had pioneer experience, 29 of the 102 colonists were women or girls.

As soon as it became evident that they must stay in the region whither they had come, the colonists drew up a solemn Compact which formed them into a civil body politic. Forty-one settlers signed. It was not precisely a constitution, but it had the force of one. John Carver was confirmed as Governor. The obligation to the Merchant Adventurers was repeated. Nowhere did the Compact suggest the intention of founding a separate state. Allegiance to the Crown of England was asserted and the law of the colony was to be English law. It was provided that the Compact should be binding only until the King's pleasure be known.

The *Mayflower* had sighted land November 9,

1620 (Old Style). The first landing had been made on the shores of Provincetown Harbor, Cape Cod, on November 12. Since Captain Jones would not take them to Virginia, there was no time to lose in finding winter quarters.

Captain Miles Standish at once brought together the little band of soldiers he had drilled on board ship and set out to explore Cape Cod peninsula. Its bleakness appalled him. On that barren and low-lying land there was no shelter from the icy blast. He found no river of consequence, nor any fertile fields. Two expeditions brought nothing but discouragement.

The weeks of this search passed miserably on board the *Mayflower.* The Leyden colonists—the original Pilgrim Fathers—held together, the London and Plymouth colonists complained bitterly because they had been brought to this northern shore instead of to Virginia. Carver, Brewster and Standish, however, formed a trio of strong men, well able to keep order, and disaffection never proceeded any further than grumbling.

On December 6, Captain Standish set out by boat on a third expedition. He had a brush with the Nauset Indians the next day, and, on December 8, found himself off the high land of Manomet Point. This gave hope of shelter under the lee of the headland, for the weather was terribly cold, the spray freezing on oars and sails. The wind was rising and the sea growing rough.

Standish pressed on, despite the warnings of

the sailors, for he was steering for Plymouth Harbor, as marked on Captain John Smith's map, and was sure that the haven could not be far away. Off Rocky Point, a heavy squall struck the boat, dismasting her. The men took to their oars, and, a strong tide aiding them, they were swept into Plymouth Harbor and anchored in the lee of Clark's Island. Next day they repaired the damages to their boat, and the day following, being Sunday, they rested.

Early on Monday (December 11, 1620, Old Style; December 21, New Style) they made for the shore. Sounding as they went, they found good harborage for the small vessels of that time. Running down a little distance into the harbor, they prepared to land.

This date (usually misplaced at December 22) was the first landing of the Pilgrims in Plymouth Harbor. The place was not at Plymouth Rock, but more to the north. The *Mayflower* was not in the offing, but, at that time, anchored in Provincetown Bay. The landing was confined to Captain Miles Standish and the few members of his search party.

As might have been expected, the judgment of Captain John Smith, the great Virginia pioneer, proved sound. Plymouth Harbor was, as Standish affirmed, "an excellent situation" for a colony. The Pilgrims found cornfields which had been abandoned by the Indians since the great epidemic, and a good stream of fresh water ran near by.

Standish returned to the ship with the good news. On December 16 (Old Style), the *Mayflower* sailed across the bay and dropped her anchor in Plymouth Harbor. On December 19 the site for the fort was chosen (where the town of Plymouth now stands) and on December 25, the first building was begun. The settlement was christened New Plymouth, after the last town the Pilgrims had touched in England and also from the name on Smith's map.

January was wet and stormy. Building progress was slow. Indians were seen lurking in the woods. A high platform was built on which some cannon were mounted, for Standish had found the Nauset natives unfriendly. There was cause for this, since the Indians kidnaped by Captain Hunt, six years before, belonged to this tribe.

Sickness soon set in. Scurvy—that invariable plague of communities living on dried or preserved foods—broke out at once. Exposure claimed so many victims that, at one time, Brewster, Standish and four other of the sturdiest men alone were able to keep on their feet and to bury the dead. The *Mayflower* was turned into a hospital. By spring, 53 of the 102 colonists had died. The women suffered severely. Of the 18 wives who had landed near Plymouth Rock at Christmas, only 4 were alive in March.

Then came a glint of hope!

An Indian came boldly into the camp, and to

the amazement of the Pilgrims, uttered the English word—

"Welcome!"

He gave his name as Samoset, and stated that he came from the island of Monhegan off the coast of Maine. He had picked up a few English words from the traders and fishermen. Moreover, he had learned from the secret agents of Sir Fernando Gorges that wherever white men were, there was an opportunity to trade furs. More striking still, he declared that he could bring to the camp another Indian, who spoke English fluently.

A few days later, he reappeared with a comrade. This proved to be Squanto, who had been kidnaped by Hunt, and who, alone, had not been sold into slavery, but had been taken to England. In 1620 he had been restored to his own country in one of Gorges' ships.

Squanto proved friendly and undertook to arrange an alliance. He was as good as his word. After an exchange of gifts, Chief Massasoit of the Wampanoag tribe came to the camp with a number of his braves. He agreed to trade exclusively at Plymouth on condition that the Pilgrims agree to help him against his tribal enemies. Squanto also arranged an alliance with the Pokanoket Indians, to the south. These treaties, which insured a fur trade monopoly, were one of the principal causes of the prosperity of the Plymouth Colony.

In spite of the aid of Squanto, who showed them how to till roughly prepared land, who purchased seed-corn for them, who tried to teach the white men how to trap and fish, hunger dogged them steadily. Yet the seas off their coasts were the greatest fishing grounds in the world, the shores were covered with shell-fish, the rivers alive with eels. Owing to the Indian depopulation, the woods were full of game. But the Pilgrims were farmers or artisans. Not one of them had ever shot an animal or caught a fish in the sea. They starved in the midst of plenty. But for Squanto, few would have lived to harvest the crop.

To make matters worse, the colony had started on a communistic basis. This brought disaster in New England as quickly is it had in Virginia. The younger men saw the products of their labor benefiting other men's families, the industrious bore the burdens of the lazy, the able men ranked no better than the mean and ignorant, and the women resented being turned into slaves for the community, washing and cooking not only for their own husbands but for all the men of the place.

As in all communistic states, where personal incentive is low, the output of work was small. The Pilgrims were picked men, they were used to toil, they were united by their faith, they were well led and governed, they had the supreme good fortune of finding land already cleared for planting, they had Squanto to teach them frontier ways,

yet they could not grow food enough to feed themselves. When, two years later, communism was abandoned, the food situation changed as if by magic. On the very first summer after its abolition, the colony not only had grain enough to eat, but plenty to store and to sell.

Governor Carver died during the summer, being succeeded by William Bradford. In the autumn a ship arrived bringing 35 new settlers, but little food. The ship was loaded with beaverskins and hurried away, with an urgent request to the Merchant Adventurers for supplies. The vessel, however, was captured by a French cruiser, its cargo confiscated and its return delayed.

An incident occurred in the winter which well illustrates the Pilgrim spirit. On Christmas morning, 1621, Governor Bradford summoned the workers as usual, and prepared to begin the day's labor. Some of the new arrivals refused on the ground that Christmas was a holy day. This was in flat opposition to the religious principles of the colony, which regarded all church festivals—except Sunday—as "popish."

Bradford, as a stickler for the rights of conscience, did not force the men to work. On his return at noon, however, he found them playing at bowls. The Governor promptly took the balls away, saying sternly that his conscience would not permit him to allow those who deemed Christmas a holy day to desecrate it by games. Most of the men went to work that afternoon.

The incident is of importance as illustrating the difference between the Pilgrim spirit and the Puritan spirit, as the latter developed a few years later. Bradford censured the bowl-players because they were not true to their own principles, the Puritans dealt harshly with people who disagreed with the principles of Puritanism. The Pilgrims admitted the right of religious liberty, the Puritans denied it.

A second incident shows the Pilgrim manner of dealing with Indians. They paid the lowest possible prices for furs, but they always paid and they dealt fairly. When Massasoit fell ill, one of the Pilgrims went to his hut and nursed him back to health. The treaties of alliance were honestly kept. Yet, when the chief of the Narragansett Indians sent to Plymouth a bundle of arrows tied together with a snake-skin as a declaration of war, Bradford showed no fear. He filled the skin with powder and bullets and sent it back with a sharp message of defiance. The Narragansetts regarded the returned skin with superstitious fear, and, deeming it "bad medicine," let the white men alone.

Though the Pilgrims were on half rations all that winter, they were beginning to learn how take care of themselves. Substantial houses had been built. Piles of firewood had been cut for fuel. The crisp weather of New England stimulated energy, and the Indians had taught them how to cure scurvy. When the spring of 1622 ar-

rived, a sturdy lot of New Englanders were ready to push onward vigorously.

In May, 1622, Thomas Weston, the double-dealer, came again on the scene. Presumably as a reward for his trickery in regard to the Pilgrims, the Council of New England had granted him a patent for some land north of the Plymouth Colony and including the southern portion of what now is Boston Harbor. He brought 67 colonists "and not a bite of bread."

Weston's colonists were not Pilgrims. Far from it. Bradford called them "loose and godless fellows." The description was not far wrong. They lived on the charity of the Pilgrims all summer, stole a large part of the green corn in the early autumn and then moved north to their own holding, settling at Wessagusset (Weymouth), on Boston Harbor.

Their conduct in their new home was not edifying. They begged from the Indians, they stole from the Indians, they maltreated the Indians, and, since there was not a woman among them, "they took unto themselves wives of the heathen." The neighboring tribes decided to massacre all the whites at Wessagusset. They would have done so, without question, had they not also conceived the idea of arousing the Pokanokets and the Wampanoags to massacre the Pilgrims simultaneously, and thus sweep every white man from the shore.

The honesty of the Pilgrims now reaped its re-

ward. The friendly tribes refused, and warned their allies at Plymouth. Although the Weston colonists had robbed the Pilgrims and misbehaved atrociously, still they were Englishmen. In March, 1623, Standish and a party of soldiers were sent to Wessagusset. He found the settlement in a deplorable state. The so-called "fort" was a mere huddle of timbers. The colonists were scattered in every direction, half of them living with the Indians.

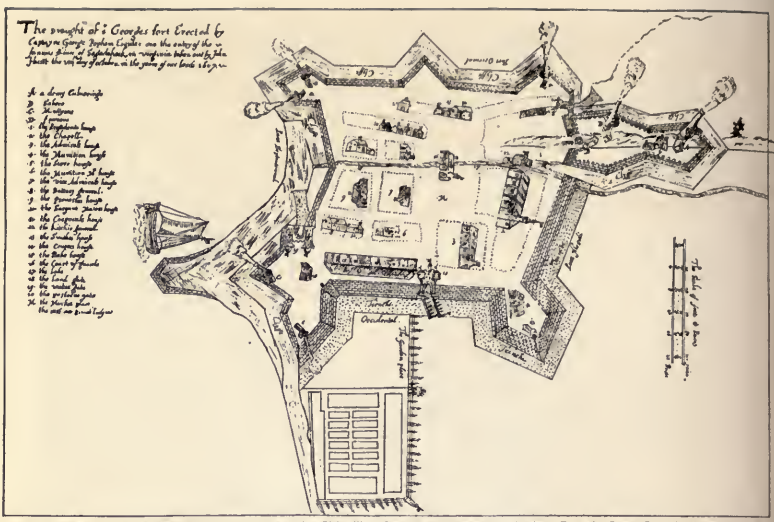
Standish wasted little time. The men were brought back to Wessagusset—by the scruffs of their necks, if they would come no other way—and the settlement was organized for defense. Then he whirled upon the Indians with such speed and power that the tribes were terrorized. He avoided bloodshed as much as possible, preferring to frighten than to kill. At the cost of not more than a score of Indians slain, he convinced the tribes that it was perilous to meddle with the War Chief of the Whites.

Weston's men were brought back to Plymouth and thence sent home. Weston arrived a few weeks later and fell into the hands of the Indians. The tribes were too much afraid of Standish to dare to keep their prisoner. He was released and taken to Plymouth, whence the Pilgrims shipped him to England by the first boat.

That spring of 1623, fearing the results of another summer of communism, Bradford threw the Merchant Adventurers' agreement to the

THE PILGRIM

This fine statue by Augustus Saint-Gaudens well expresses the rugged strength, the fearless self-reliance of that small body of men whose honesty of purpose and righteous endeavor laid such an enduring foundation for the future American Commonwealth.



Plan of St. George's Fort, on the Kennebec River, sent in 1608 to King Philip III. of Spain by his Ambassador in London. From the Gorges Society's reproduction of the original in the Spanish archives at Simancas.

ST. GEORGE'S FORT ON THE KENNEBEC RIVER

This map was sent to King Philip III of Spain by his Ambassador in London in 1609 to further the military purpose of the Spaniards to drive the English from the American continent.

winds. He assigned to every family a grant of land. This changed everything. Each man knew that if he hungered during the following winter, it would be his own fault. The settlers worked willingly, even the women and children helping. Some of the more industrious worked for pay on the land of others, after their own work was done. Property rights had been established. The harvest was so good that, as Bradford was able to write many years after: "Any general want or famine hath not been known amongst them since, to this very day."

In July, 1623, before this harvest was ripe, two vessels came, bringing sixty more settlers to the colony and but little food. Many of these were the wives and children of the settlers, twenty of them had come from Leyden.

For the newcomers it was but a sorry meeting. Most of the Plymouth settlers were half naked. The storehouses were empty, so that "there was nought to offer these faithful ones but a lobster or a piece of fish without bread, and a cup of fair spring water to wash it down." This poverty ceased when the new crop was harvested, six weeks later.

The Council for New England was still handing out patents recklessly. In June, 1623, a new division was made under Twenty Patentees, the territory bestowed running from the Bay of Fundy to Narragansett Bay.

Robert Gorges and Rev. Thomas Morell—an

Anglican clergyman who had been appointed "Religious Superintendent of New England"—arrived with a party of settlers and occupied Weston's abandoned huts at Wessagusset. Weston arrived on the scene a month later and the two leaders quarreled all winter. Morell's pressure forebode trouble.

The Council was entirely within its power in putting the Pilgrim Fathers under the jurisdiction of the Church of England, the very thing for which they had fled from Scrooby, sixteen years before.

Moreover, a great deal of trouble had been made in England over the "heretical conditions" at Plymouth. The Virginia Company, always hostile to New England, had done much to fan this flame of criticism. In answer to this, the men sent out by the Council of New England were as far removed from Separatism as possible, and Thomas Morton—whose amazing story is to be told later—was sent in 1622 to establish a thoroughly royalist and Church settlement on Boston Harbor. There were thus three Church settlements in 1623, those of Weston, Morton and Gorges. There was also a group of Church of England men in Plymouth. Religious strife might easily have been begun but that Morell never had the time to exercise his authority.

In March, 1624, a Parliamentary committee, under the urging of the Virginia Company, declared the charter of the Council of New England to be

"a national grievance." No further action was taken, but the decision frightened many of the Thirty Patentees, who withdrew. Gorges returned to England. Morell went to Virginia. Only a handful of men were left at Wessagusset, some belonging to Weston's colony, others to that of Gorges. Morton and his few followers remained.

In January of that same year, Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrim leaders, who had been buying cattle for the colony in England, returned to Plymouth. He brought good news. He had persuaded Lord Sheffield, one of the Thirty Patentees, to convey the region around Cape Ann to him, on behalf of the Plymouth colonists.

The same vessel brought a malcontent into the colony, who was destined to bring trouble. This was Rev. John Lyford, a clergyman of dubious reputation. On arriving at Plymouth he denied his Church, embraced Separatism, and, for a while, was minister of the Plymouth Church. This did not last long. He was found to be secretly holding Church of England services, and also sending reports of "heresy" to the Council in England. Later, Bradford banished him from Plymouth.

When spring came, the Pilgrims proceeded to make use of their new grant at Cape Ann, which was primarily a fishing base. But, when a party from Plymouth arrived there, they found 34 settlers established already. These belonged to an

entirely independent venture, having been sent thither in 1623 by some Dorchester merchants who had maintained a fishing fleet in American waters for several years.

During the summer of 1624, the Plymouth men and the Dorchester men agreed well enough together. Each party built a fishing stage, and there was fish enough for all. Trouble began in 1625 when the Dorchester men, learning of Lyford's banishment, invited him to become their minister. They did more. They appointed one of his associates, Roger Conant, to become manager of the settlement, and another, John Oldham, to be their Indian agent.

The Plymouth men deemed this an unfriendly act and the quarrel rose to the point of blows. The Dorchester men seized the Pilgrims' landing stage. Standish was sent to punish the offenders, who, though they were the prior occupants, had no patent. Conant intervened, reminded the men of Plymouth that they had no grant for their territory, and arbitrated the matter.

The year following, a renewal of the war with Spain stopped the overseas fishing industry. The Dorchester men returned to England, and the Plymouth colony sent no more fishing parties; Lyford went to Virginia. Only Conant and three companions remained at Cape Ann.

The next settlement in New England was also of royalist and Church character. In 1625, Captain Wollaston arrived with a ship-load of set-

tlers to take up that part of Boston Harbor lying between Weston's grant and Gorges' grant. Wollaston's ideas differed from those of his predecessors. He brought a number of indentured "servants," intending to establish a tobacco plantation along the lines of those in Virginia. He soon saw that the climate was unfavorable for such a plan, and sailed to Virginia with his "servants," intending either to settle or to sell them there. He left a few men behind to hold Mt. Wollaston.

The Plymouth Colony was now becoming strong enough to stand on its own feet. The fur trade had prospered. The small farms were well stocked. The town of Plymouth had taken on the character of permanence.

There was but one source of trouble; this was the relation between the Pilgrims and the Merchant Adventurers. The seven years of the original contract had come to an end and the Merchant Adventurers truly asserted that the Plymouth Colony had not lived up to its agreement. It was thousands of pounds in debt.

Accordingly, eight of the leaders of the Pilgrims—Bradford, Brewster, Standish, Allerton, Winslow, Howland, Alden and Prince—undertook to pay the Merchant Adventurers the sum of £1800, which figure was reached by a compromise. The money was to be paid in nine annual installments of £200 apiece. On this condition they were freed from all obligations arising from the old contract. Thus, in 1627, the Pilgrims became their

own masters, save that they possessd neither patent nor charter.

The years 1629 and 1630 were marked by the arrival of a number of Pilgrims from Leyden. They were greeted with great rejoicing, for, in spite of every effort, Plymouth was becoming populated with settlers who were not Separatists. It is greatly to the credit of Bradford and his associates that there was no active persecution of these. Robinson, the great Pilgrim leader, who had been their head in Holland, never saw America. He died in 1626, content to know that his followers were solidly established in the New World.

On January 13, 1630, the dearest dream of the Pilgrim Fathers was realized. On that date, the Council for New England granted a patent to Bradford and his associates, the territory extending from the Cohasset to the Narragansett Rivers and westwards "to the utmost bounds of a country or place in New England, commonly called Pokenacutt or Sowamsett." In 1641, William Bradford deeded this grant to the Corporation of New Plymouth.

It is not always realized how small was the Plymouth Colony prior to the Puritan migration. In 1620 there were 102 settlers; in 1625, 180 settlers; in 1630, only 300. Owing to the smallness of the numbers and to the wisdom of constantly reëlecting Bradford as governor, Plymouth became wealthy.

The system of government was partly Dutch and partly English. There was a primary assembly of "freemen" which passed all the laws and elected the officers of the colony. A "freeman" had to be named by the assembly, as such, and was always a member of the Separatist congregation. The suffrage was highly restricted. A "freeman" was always a man of wealth, in other words, a burgher. The burgher class ruled and chose its own governor. The other people had no voice in the affairs of the colony. Plymouth was not a democracy and was not designed to be.

At no point does the Pilgrim town stand out so differently from the Puritan town as in its relation of Church and State. The Pilgrims were notably weak in religious leaders, though all their leaders were religious. The place of pastor was kept open for Robinson for seven years. After his death, a half-witted minister named Rogers came, but he was sent back the year following. He was succeeded by Ralph Smith, a man of small importance, whom the Pilgrims endured for eight years.

Nor did the Pilgrims shine in education. Plymouth had no schools. Had Robinson come, he would have established them, but Bradford was mainly interested in keeping the colony alive, and Brewster feared that secular teaching savored too much of worldliness. There was, however, a wholesome and sound home teaching.

When everything is considered, little but praise

of the Pilgrim Fathers can be said. The light of their righteous living, of their fairness, of their industry, of their honesty, of their rugged strength, and of their successful endeavor to establish a self-governing religious community in a savage country, shines as a beacon at the opening of New England history.

No American with a feeling for his country can fail to remember with pride and tenderness the worthy deeds and noble lives of Pilgrim men and Pilgrim women during those hard years upon the Plymouth shore.

CHAPTER XII

THE PURITAN FLOOD

While Pilgrims and Puritans alike fled from England because of their dislike of royalism and their hate for the Church of England, the two great groups of ultra-Protestants had nothing else in common. As the Puritan exodus was from England, was composed of Englishmen, and had for its aim the establishment of English liberties in the New World, it is all-important to know what had happened in England to force this Puritan migration.

James I had died in 1625, and Charles I had come to the throne. Even as Prince of Wales, he had begun badly. His attempted marriage to a Spanish princess had alienated the patriots and angered the ultra-Protestants. His behavior in Madrid—such as scaling the wall of the Princess' garden—had made him look ridiculous. That he was jilted at the last only exposed him to greater scorn.

England was in financial difficulties. James I had left £700,000 of debts. Parliament was compelled to reduce the royal revenues, which became a cause of strife between king and people.

England, also, was divided into two great religious parties, Church of England on the one hand, Nonconformity or Puritanism on the other. Church and King stood together, Parliament and Puritanism were linked. The royalists regarded the Puritans as traitors to the English Crown; the Puritans accused the royalists as traitors to the English people.

The King adopted methods of raising money which Parliament denounced as unconstitutional, and many obdurate members of Parliament were thrown into prison. The Puritans adopted methods of undermining the Church of England, which the Crown denounced as treasonable, and threw the leaders into prison.

The Puritans attacked the Church on the grounds of intolerance; the Church replied with the same accusation. In point of fact, neither was tolerant. Both believed in a compulsory state religion, a point of vital importance in the history of American Puritanism. Both believed that whipping, mutilation, imprisonment and even death should be the punishment of those who dared to disagree with their opinions.

King and Commons faced each other with mutual distrust and dislike. The terrible scenes that were enacted in the Parliaments of 1628 and 1629 blasted all hopes of civil peace and caused the Puritan migration to America. Charles I finally sent the leading Puritans to the Tower of London,

and, for eleven years thereafter, no Parliament sat again in England.

The Puritans turned their eyes to America. They had, indeed, a small colony there—a very small colony, for it consisted of only four men.

When the Pilgrim Fathers received a grant for Cape Ann and sent a fishing party there, they had found some settlers from Dorchester in possession. These were Puritans. When, after trouble with the Plymouth Colony and after the reopening of the War with Spain, the Dorchester men returned, they left Roger Conant and three men behind. As the exposed situation of Cape Ann was ill-suited for a permanent settlement, Conant had moved to Naumkeag (Salem) and made a tiny colony there. In this Salem colony of four men begins the Puritan history of New England.

Rev. John White of Dorchester, a merchant of means, a clergyman of the Church and a moderate Puritan, (such mixtures were not uncommon at the time), was one of the backers of the Dorchester fishermen. It was by his advice that the Cape Ann settlement had been begun. When it was abandoned in 1627, he sent word through Plymouth to Conant and his followers, urging them to hold the land they had settled, promising them supplies and assuring them that he would secure a grant in their names.

With Puritan straightforwardness, White undertook to arouse Puritan interest in the venture.

He went to the root of colonization. He declared that it was the character of the settlers which determined success, not the amount of money spent nor the richness of the site. So stirring were his words and pamphlets that the Puritans mustered to his cause.

Although there was no actual mention of Puritanism in the appeal for a charter made to the Council for New England, it must have been understood. Perhaps the most significant fact is that among the six grantees named in the charter of March 19, 1628, was the name of "Master Endicott, a man well known to divers persons of good note" and who was a Puritan of the most extreme type.

The Council had not foregone its old habit of granting lands which it had previously bestowed on others. The patent of 1628 conveyed to Endicott and his associates all the territory from three miles north of the Merrimac River to three miles south of the Charles River, thus comprising the northern half of the coastline of Massachusetts and expending to the Pacific Ocean, believed to be but seven days' march away. This infringed on the prior grants given to Mason, to Morton, to Gorges, to the Thirty Patentees, to the Pilgrims at Cape Ann, to Wollaston and to Conant. Here was a heritage of quarrels for Endicott and his friends!

John White supplied and equipped a ship, which sailed on June 20, 1628, with a score or

more settlers, under Endicott, as an advance party. Endicott arrived at Naumkeag, on September 6, 1628, and found Conant in possession.

As Conant had the rights of prior occupancy, and as he held letters from White stating that an effort was being made to secure a patent in his name, he prepared to dispute Endicott's authority. It was in vain. Endicott had the charter and had been sent to take command. Conant yielded gracefully. Naumkeag was rechristened "Salem," the Hebrew word for "peaceful."

The new governor soon gave a taste of his opinions and his methods. Among the earlier grants had been one to Morton, a strong upholder of Church and State, who had come into conflict with the Pilgrims several times. His presence was an annoyance to the stern Puritan. Endicott undertook to bring him into subjection.

Thomas Morton's story is one of the strangest in the early history of New England. He was a lawyer of London, and was sent out by Gorges, in 1622, with 30 settlers and a personal grant to a small piece of land on Boston Harbor.

Morton was a strong Church of England man, who had written pamphlets of the most fiery loyalty, and there is no doubt that the Council had given him a patent in order to silence the criticism that they favored the heretical Separatists. He returned to England for the winter and came out again in 1623, with more settlers, all of the "roaring Tory" type. They were regarded as

"henchmen of Satan" by their Pilgrim neighbors. Morton soon got himself the nick-name of "Merry" Morton.

The Wessagusset Colony, first established by Weston and later occupied by Gorges, was not far from Morton's trading post. Indeed, there is question whether the Wessagusset grant was not an infringement on Morton's patent, for, in those days of uncertain land titles, it was hard to say where one territory ended and another began.

In any case, when Gorges abandoned his settlement, in 1625, Morton took charge of it. It is scarcely fair to say, as Bradford did, that Morton "stole" the land. On the contrary, with both Weston and Gorges gone, Morton was the only man on Boston Harbor who held a patent direct from the Council of New England.

Morton was a jovial Englishman, as fond of his pipe and his grog as he was loyal to King and Church. No sour-visaged religionist was he, but, rather, a rollicking fellow, a genial host and a lover of fun. There was a good deal of the Elizabethan country squire about him. He was a much more characteristic Englishman than the sober and decorous Pilgrims, for whom Morton had ever a mocking word.

When Wollaston came and established a tobacco plantation on Mt. Wollaston, he made friends with Morton. But Wollaston wanted an easy life in a genial climate, and New England prospects did

not please him. He left for Virginia, leaving some indentured "servants" in charge.

Wollaston was wealthy and had built himself a good house. Finding that he was not coming back, Morton took over the little colony, also. Having a keen perception of the needs of pioneer life, he called the servants before him, tore up their indentures and gave them their freedom, opening a cask of rum to celebrate the happy day. Having thus made them his loyal and devoted tenants, he rechristened Mt. Wollaston (now Quincy) with the name of "Merry Mount." He promptly established the Church of England service, which plagued the Pilgrims sorely.

Came May-Day, 1626. Morton, the jovial, undertook to celebrate it fittingly, according to his own ideas. He planted a Maypole, eighty feet high, opened several casks of beer and brandy, and sent invitations broadcast to Indians and whites to taste freely of his hospitality.

According to the Pilgrim account, the settlers "frisked and frolicked" with the Indian girls around the Maypole. Such a statement was probably false, as any student of Indian customs knows. The braves may have come, the Indian girls would not. That there was merry-making and carousing was not to be denied, that there was "ungodly dancing upon the Mount of Dagon" is sure, and the Pilgrims regarded the doings at "Merry Mount" as an open scandal.

By the end of the summer, Morton was receiv-

ing the good results of his hospitality. The Indians came to him freely, sure of a glass of "firewater" with every trade. What was more, he was willing to pay more for furs than the Pilgrims were ready to do, for those shrewd bargainers had beaten down the price to the lowest notch. In consequence, Morton was able to get the pick of the furs and still to make an enormous profit. This competition not only turned the Pilgrims more bitterly against him, but also brought him enmity from the straggling settlements which were springing up on all sides.

A new accusation was brought against Morton in the summer of 1627. He was accused of receiving runaway servants and "blasphemers" who had been banished from Plymouth.

This was perfectly true. Morton, however, was within his rights. More than that, he was the only person who had rights, for the Pilgrims possessed no charter and were living at Plymouth on sufferance, while Morton had a charter and was a loyal member of the Church of England. Bradford warned him that, unless he walked more carefully, he would be dealt with harshly; Mine Host of Merry Mount retorted that two could play at that game and threatened to "pull their canting meeting-house about their ears."

Morton saw clearly that a strong alliance was forming against him. The retirement of the Thirty Patentees warned him that the Council of New England could give him little help. He

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S MAP OF NEW ENGLAND, 1614

Captain John Smith made two voyages of discovery along the New England coast. Though not its first discoverer he explored it fully and wrote a book called "Description of New England." Up to this time New England was known as "North Virginia" and this map published in his book is the first printed record of the name of "New England" and of many of the names of capes and rivers as we now know them.

would fight his own battles! He imported a large cargo of guns and ammunition from England and began to trade them for furs, probably with the intention of having a force of well-armed allies at his back, if the Pilgrims should proceed to extremities.

In this action, Morton was clearly in the wrong, and Bradford was not the man to overlook an opportunity. Although Merry Mount was far outside of any jurisdiction that the Pilgrims might claim, they regarded the arming of the Indians as a serious menace to all the white settlers, no matter where their grants might lie. They sent a sharp message to Morton, reminding him of the King's proclamation against selling arms to Indians. The jovial and belligerent lawyer answered that a Proclamation was not a law, and warned the Pilgrims to take good heed to themselves if they came to molest him.

The Pilgrims were perfectly ready to take care of themselves. In June, 1628, they gathered their forces together, and, summoning aid from the other settlements, so that the action should not appear a personal matter, they placed the force under the command of Captain Miles Standish. The settlements joining in this act of hostility were Piscataqua (Portsmouth), Nantasket (Hull), Naumkeag (Salem), Winnimisset (Chelsea), Cocheco on the Piscataqua River, Thompson's Island and Shawmut (Boston). This list seems

formidable, but many of these places had only two or three settlers.

Before actual hostilities commenced, there was a parley, in which the witty lawyer got much the better of the doughty captain. Always readier with acts than with words, Captain Miles Standish suddenly grabbed the "Lord of Misrule" by the coat-collar, and, despite his struggles, dragged him to the water side, grimly warning Morton's followers that any attempt at rescue would be met with a volley.

"Merry" Morton, somewhat ruffled by the captain's rough handling, but not a bit crestfallen, was taken to Plymouth. There he was lectured by Bradford and Brewster with long speeches and much gravity of demeanor, to which he replied with bitter humor and contemptuous ridicule. He was banished and sent to England under the charge of John Oldham, who had made his peace with the Pilgrims, and who bore letters from Bradford to the Council of New England recounting Morton's misdemeanors in great detail.

On his arrival, Morton posed as a victim of religious persecution for his loyalty to the Church of England, which was only partly true. Oldham, who was still smarting from his early disagreements with the Pilgrims, supported Morton's story.

The Council pardoned the jolly lawyer, possibly because of his success in the fur trade, and, the year following, Morton was back at "Merry

Mount," with another cargo of beer and brandy, the same desire to play the part of a jovial host, and a deepened disregard for the feelings of a religious community.

On his return, he found that a much more intolerant group of religionists had visited his place. The Puritans had been there, in his absence. Endicott had taken upon himself to interfere. He had marched to "Merry Mount," hewed down the Maypole, and "admonished Morton's men to look there should be better walking."

This incident was significant. The Pilgrims, however annoyed with Morton's worldly ways, had not actually interfered with him, until he commenced selling fire-arms to the Indians; Endicott, without any provocation, destroyed an absent man's property because the mere presence of a May-pole on an estate with which he had no concern offended his religious sensibilities.

Not long after Morton's return, Endicott paid another visit to "Merry Mount." He came to repeat his warning, but the jovial lawyer, thoroughly enraged at the Puritan intrusion during his absence, swore vengeance on the Puritans and vowed that the laws of England would protect him.

Endicott coldly retaliated by producing a paper which he demanded that Morton should sign. It was an oath of allegiance to the Puritan colony, but in it Endicott had omitted the words of the charter "so that nothing be done contrary or

repugnant to the laws of the Kingdom of England." This came near to treason and Morton said so.

The Puritan leader did not argue the point. He arrested Morton, broke open the house, appropriated all his corn and other provisions, seized the furs and articles of trade, and sent Morton back to England.

His fanaticism cost him his place. The Council realized that a continuance of such policy might result in the cancellation of its charter. Morton was released and allowed to return, the same ship carrying Endicott's deposition and disgrace.

But "Merry" Morton was merry no longer. The Puritan flood had commenced. The Boston colony was too strong to be defied. His men had all been scattered. His money was spent. He fought a losing fight for many years and died in poverty at the last.

Endicott had other troubles on his hands besides the question of "Merry Mount." One of these was a grant given by John Gorges to John Oldham, and to Sir William Brereton, dividing his original patent between them. The fates of these two colonies may be dismissed in a few words. Pressure was brought upon Brereton, and he joined his interests with those of the Puritans. Oldham was ejected from his rights, without recompense, and, later, he played a part in the founding of Connecticut.

Puritan desires for emigration were growing

stronger. The years 1628–1629 were dark ones for Protestantism. The surrender of Rochelle to Cardinal Richelieu had ended the career of the French Huguenots as a political party. The German Protestants, engaged in the Thirty Years' War, were at the lowest ebb of their fortunes. Charles I was putting down Nonconformists with a merciless hand.

The English Puritans leaned more and more to the plan of establishing a Commonwealth in a new country, a commonwealth which should be strictly English and strictly Puritan, and which, from the very beginning, should be organized on such lines that royalism would never be able to creep in.

It is essential to an understanding of American History to realize what the Puritans planned. They did not seek to exploit the natives, as the Spanish; nor to confine themselves to fur-trading, as the French and Dutch; nor to establish a feudal estate, as did Raleigh; nor to slave on commercial lines for English merchants, as the Virginia Company; nor to build up a landed aristocracy, as in Maryland; nor yet to found isolated religious communities, such as Plymouth. Nor even—as has been often mis-stated—did they purpose a refuge for the religiously persecuted ones of the earth.

Far from it! As seventeenth-century Englishmen, they had little love for foreigners. As Puritans, they had no love at all for any who differed

from them in religious opinions, even in the smallest degree.

By no stretch of the imagination can it be thought that Endicott, Winthrop or any of the Puritans had the faintest intention of establishing either political or religious liberty. They came to found a Bible Commonwealth after their own pattern, in which they should play the principal parts and could force every one else to obey their will.

The extreme Puritans bent all their energies to extending the powers of the Charter of 1628. On March 4, 1629, Charles I confirmed to a corporation entitled "The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England" all the territory mentioned in the patent of the year before, but with powers so full and free that it is amazing that the King should have granted them. Undoubtedly, his hand was forced. Matthew Cradock was named as the first Governor.

First a single ship and then a fleet of five ships were hurried to New England, arriving in June, 1629. These six vessels brought over 400 colonists and a goodly supply of cattle and goats. The colony was firmly established. A Puritan Church organization was formed by Endicott, obedience to which was rigidly enforced.

Endicott's opinions are clearly set forth in his description of the religion of Plymouth Colony, as "no other than is warranted by the evidence

of the truth." He was, therefore, not only a Puritan but a Separatist, or, as the word was then beginning to be used, an Independent. Two ministers who had come with the colonists, Samuel Skelton and Francis Higginson, declared themselves Independents and were elected respectively pastor and teacher of the church.

John Browne and Samuel Browne, two of the councillors who had been sent out by the new Massachusetts Bay Company to assist Endicott, refused to have anything to do with this Independent Church. They were moderate Puritans, hostile to Charles I and to Archbishop Laud, but conforming to the Church of England. Resting on the rights set forth in the charter, they held separate religious services, under the rites of the Church of England. The moderate Puritans among the settlers attended these services.

Endicott, in a most high-handed and peremptory fashion, arrested the Brownes and sent them back to England. This action was inexcusable, for it was flatly contrary to the conditions of the charter and in defiance of the leaders in England who had sent these men as councillors.

The Brownes complained to the Massachusetts Bay Company, which promptly censured Endicott for "undigested counsels which may have an ill construction with the state here, and make us obnoxious to an adversary." When this act of fanaticism was capped by Endicott's illegal seizure of "Merry" Morton's property, the Company

got rid of him. It was time! Endicott's "treasonable and heretical doings" had reached the ears of the King. The new charter was in danger.

Governor Cradock laid before the Corporation a startling series of suggestions that the government of Massachusetts Bay should be transferred to the colony itself. On August 26, 1629, twelve of the most influential members (among them John Winthrop and Thomas Dudley) met at Cambridge and bound themselves by a solemn promise to emigrate to New England with their families if the transfer of government could be effected.

Three days later, the Corporation formally agreed. There was some discussion as to whether a royal grant was legally transferable but the courts approved and the transfer was made. Cradock, who did not wish to leave England, resigned, and John Winthrop was chosen as Governor. Thomas Dudley was named as Assistant Governor. Both belonged to the extreme party in Puritanism.

On March 29, 1630, Governor Winthrop boarded the *Arabella,* the flagship of a fleet of eleven vessels, carrying, in all, some 700 colonists. After a long and stormy voyage of nine weeks, the ships arrived at Salem on June 12, 1630.

Winthrop found Endicott's colony "in a sad and unexpected condition." Nearly a third of the colonists were dead, most of the remainder were weak from famine and sickness, there was scant food and less contentment. All would have

died during the winter had not the Pilgrims sent them a doctor, medical supplies and all the provisions they could spare.

The arrival of 700 colonists did little to help these conditions, for, as always, the space assigned for food in the ships was too small and the long voyage had exhausted most of the provisions. By some extraordinary piece of negligence, moreover, a large part of the supplies which had been intended for use that summer had been left behind.

Endicott resented the arrival of Winthrop to supplant him, and many of the original settlers followed his lead. But Governor Winthrop was a severe man, and Dudley was severer still. Woe betide any who murmured! Endicott was quickly silenced.

Winthrop, within a few days of his arrival, decided that Salem was an undesirable site for so great a colony as now was intended. He set up his capital at Charlestown, which had been laid out on Gorges' property, the year before.

Early days here were gloomy. More than 100 of the new settlers refused to stay and went back to England on the returning vessels of the fleet which had brought them. Some 60 more returned on another ship, declaring roundly that the tyranny of Winthrop was no better than the tyranny of Charles I. Others declared their intention of going back in the spring, since the ministers of the Independent or Congregational churches were "as heady and hierarchical as the popish prel-

ates" of England. This opinion of American Puritanism by English Puritans is worth noting.

Stern measures kept this mutinous spirit in hand, but thunderings from a pulpit could not prevent hunger. Before Christmas, over 200 of the new arrivals had died. Only clams, mussels and fish caught in the bay, prevented another "Starving Time" like to that of Jamestown in 1609.

Although the Pilgrims again came to their aid, men and women were dying on every hand. The outlook was desperate, when, on February 5, 1631, a ship arrived in the bay, bringing few settlers, but loaded to the last inch of space with the supplies and stores that the great fleet had left behind. This saved the day. Many more ships came in the spring. The Puritan flood had begun.

During the next two or three years, the Puritans emigrated in such numbers as to cause alarm in England. The mother country saw that many of her best citizens were leaving. Several substantial towns were organized on Massachusetts Bay, and, by 1634, there were 4000 persons in the colony. Nearly all were Puritans, but there were Puritans of every shade of opinion among them, from conforming Churchmen who opposed only the abuses of royalism and prelacy, to the wildest hot-heads of the most fanatic breed.

Winthrop held them all in hand with amazing strength and wisdom. He created an ecclesiastical state, a Bible Commonwealth, a theocracy in

which the Corporation of Massachusetts Bay was the earthly voice of God.

Such a condition would have been intolerable to Englishmen were it not that Winthrop was as just as he was stern, as honest as he was unyielding, and as sincere as he was bigoted. Godliness in Massachusetts Bay was real, not sham. The very difficulties and sufferings of the time brought about a lofty spirit and a high devotion which made the early Puritans of New England the finest body of men and women that ever founded a state.

Even so, a Commonwealth based on narrowness of doctrine could not enslave Englishmen. Men no less able and no less sincere than Winthrop, no less eager to uphold what they held to be the right, were equally ready to face the wilderness.

Such men voluntarily exiled themselves from the intolerant tyranny of Salem and Charlestown, with the same desire for religious liberty as had impelled the Puritans to exile themselves from England. Thus Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Maine were born. Their history and that of Massachusetts Bay up to and after the New England Confederation of 1643, belong rather to the story of the development of the colonies than to the planting of them.

Thus were planted on the North American continent the four great stocks of the white race whose influence was most potent in the development of America.

In Florida, along the shore of the Gulf of

Mexico and in southern California, the Catholic Spaniards held sway.

An English Church and royalist group, partly feudal with large plantations and a system of semi-slavery, and partly commercial with London merchants for directors, controlled Virginia.

A feudal proprietorship or palatinate, Roman Catholic in character, but tolerant in administration, had been established in Maryland.

On the Upper Delaware and Hudson Rivers, the Dutch traders of the Reformed Church maintained a precarious hold.

The Plymouth Colony of Separatists had won for itself a place of respect.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony was evolving into a Puritan Commonwealth, intolerant of dissent, and sending out branches of a more moderate Puritanism to found other states.

In Acadia and on the St. Lawrence River, the French maintained a gallant hold, despite their recent defeat at the hands of England.

Settlements in Newfoundland were little more than fishing posts and the fishing rights were internationally divided.

Of the interior, nothing was known. A few expeditions by the Spanish *conquistadores* in the far south had failed to reveal any civilization that might be exploited, and no settlement had been made. A few inland journeys had been made by French Jesuit Fathers in the north, but these

were only the precursors of the great explorations to come.

Hudson Bay and the Great Lakes were believed to be united, and despite the failure to find a strait, were believed to be a part of that South Sea that washed the shores of China.

Only one hundred and thirty-four years elapsed between Columbus and Winthrop. The actors in that great struggle which should rock America to its foundations were already on the scene. Little did they imagine that a time would come when their descendants should dare to strike off the shackles of European dependence.

Still less could any of these colonists have foreseen a Republic of United States, wherein there could exist such high and holy things as political equality, personal liberty and religious toleration. Not one of these colonies could have brought about such a result, alone. Not to one, more than another, is the credit due. The glory belongs to all.

THE END

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